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SHADED.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY E. NORMAN GUNNISON.

'Tis but a memory that my life has shaded;
Why should I mourn for one who is no more?
The leaves have withered and the flowers have faded,
The waves have lost their brightness by the shore—
Have lost their murmur like to happy laughter,
And only bear a melancholy moan;
Oh, can it be that in the dim hereafter
I shall not clasp and know thee as my own?

I cling to thee with longing and persistence,
I know thy eyes are bright with love divine,
And somewhere, somewhere in the happy distance,
I yet shall meet and recognize thee mine.
But where the songs around your way are swelling
In tones of joy, oh, can you, can you know
Within the brightness of your blessed dwelling
The wretchedness and heart-break here below?

I sometimes dream, and in my dream behold you
As bright as in your girlhood, and as fair;
Within my arms again I fondly fold you,
While I caress your golden-tinted hair.
O eyes of blue! The grave mould coldly presses
The lips I loved, the heart that was my own;
The hair is dark that shared my fond caresses,
And over thee the dreary winds make moan.

The brightness of the Summer hath departed,
The chilly days of Autumn touch the land;
I wander where we wandered happy-hearted,
When life was bright, together hand-in-hand.
The leaves are withered, and the flowers have fad
The waves break coldly on the dreary shore;
My life is desolate and sadly shaded,
For thou art gone forever more.

THE NORTHGATE MYSTEI

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY WALTER EDGAR MCCANN

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CHAPTER VII.—NEWS FROM NORTHGAT

"Joe, you look so angry," said Bella p ently. "I hope I have not done anythin offend you."

"I have no right to be offended at anyt you do, Miss Bella," said Joe. Then, summ ing courage, he said, in a burst: "I only w I had."

"Why?"

"Because I should ask you to stop all th goings-on with Ravenswood," he contin growing more excited. "One of these days will be sorry, I am thinking."

"For what, pray? You puzzle me."

"Do I? I don't think so. You know wh mean well enough. You are in love with h Bella, and you imagine he is in love with y but before long you will find out differently

"Upon my word," she said with a little laugh of rising anger; "you presume upon good nature, Mr. Butts. Still, it is quite po ble to exceed its limit."

"I don't care, Bella," he answered, chan his tone. "I came here this morning to sp plainly, at any cost. I have noticed a g many things lately. Charley Ravenswood not care for you, and I do. He does not for anybody but himself. He is vain and fish, and it pleases his vanity to see you in with him; but he grows tired of everythin time, and will of that; and if you are wise will not encourage him further."

She tried to interrupt him, but could not, went on excitedly:

"Bella, forgive my plain talk, but I love —indeed I do—and have loved you for eve long, without daring to say a word about it don't want to see you made to suffer by man. I don't dislike him—quite the rev in some respects—but I know his character distrust it. He was made in a strange m —different from other people—and is just of those unconventional persons who into the world foredoomed to be unhappy, and to make others so. He may even fancy that he returns this infatuation of yours; but he is self-deceived, and if you let it go on you will see that at the moment he perceives his mistake he will shrink from you as if you were infected."

She was standing now, very pale, agitated, very angry. Several times she had essayed to arrest his speech without success.

"Stop!" she cried at length. "I shall not listen to another syllable of this impertinence. You do not understand one word of what you are talking about. Of Mr. Ravenswood's character you know nothing, of mine still less, and of the relations between us least of all. You have never had the shadow of a claim to advise me, sir—and—all you have said is an insult. I wish you to go—to leave me—and never to speak to me again."

"Well, I suppose I have made a fool of myself," he answered, going to the door. "I did intend before I came in to act differently—more coolly and sensibly—but a man can't always control his feelings, particularly under exciting circumstances. But before I leave, Miss Meredith, I venture to offer my friendship and service—you may have use for both some day, and I beg pardon if I have said anything insulting—and—and—good-morning, miss."

He clapped on his hat and retired, closing the door after him very carefully, and when he had got out in the garden-path he shook his head, as if bees were buzzing around his ears, and looked about him like a man a good deal stunned and confused.

The truth is, his experience had upon him something of the effect of an explosion. This scene had not lasted, it seemed, more than five minutes, and he could hardly realize what had taken place. His Bella—his pretty, little Bella, whom he had admired, and, in fact, really worshiped in secret for so long—whom he had intended to open his heart to and confess all—for whom he had been preparing a beautiful and touching set-speech in advance—where was she? What had happened? Was it not all a dream?

He could only recollect that he had seen Ravenswood bending over her, and had lost his temper; and the love he had privately cherished with such care—how had he at last disclosed it? With truculence and rage, with upbraiding, and he hardly knew what accusations. "A beggar in his drink had not so abused his callet," thought poor Joe, in Emilia's phrase. And very properly his extrusion—sudden and ignominious—had followed, and henceforth between him and that pretty girl who had been, although she did not know it, very nearly everything to him, there could be naught but on her side hatred and contempt, and on his melancholy, distance and unspeakable regret.

Bella's astonishment at his extraordinary disclosure and warning may, perhaps, be imagined. She knew, with the sure and subtle instinct of womanhood, that the simple, honest fellow always admired and liked her; but to associate him with any more serious feeling would have struck her as ludicrous and impossible. Here, however, was a new and suprising phase in his character, quite apart from the ghostly and supernatural, and not at all amusing. After the revelation, it was very well their relations should dissolve; otherwise, with his preposterous jealousy, and attendant claims to meddle with what did not concern him, Mr. Joe Butts might become a very formidable nuisance. Still, it is hard to break up an old association; and as Bella saw the absurd little fellow pass by the window, bewildered, angry, cut to the soul, she could not help a pang of regret. He intruded upon her society no more, and next day she went to visit those distant relatives she had mentioned, and to enjoy that rest and quiet for a few weeks which, she claimed, were absolutely necessary.

Meanwhile nothing had yet been heard from that graceless truant Captain Northgate. It began to look like something more serious than an escapade, and grave conjectures were discussed as to whether he could have actually made away with himself, to summarily put an end to the ennui which was known to have effected him, or have become the victim of foul play.

The matter was at length set at rest. One afternoon the mail brought a letter to the captain's disorderly penmanship addressed to Miss Rhoda Thurlow—a letter explaining not everything, but sufficient. He regretted the alarm his sudden departure must have given; but something very serious had occurred to take him away, about which he could not yet be quite clear; but those who felt any interest in his welfare, if there still were such, or curiosity about him, might rest assured that he was safe and in no actual danger—though, he confessed, in some difficulty. His own imprudence—or he might better say folly—was responsible for his unlucky position; but time would extricate him, and he thought at a future day he would be able to fully vindicate himself. Under the circumstances he could not expect Rhoda to hold herself to her engagement, and therefore she might consider herself, so far as he was concerned, perfectly free. His apologies were abject, and he begged that, notwithstanding his conduct, she might still try to think kindly of him; and he closed with the assurance that his affection for her was still unaltered, and would end only with his life.

The same mail brought a letter from the captain's hand to his friend Ravenswood, which that gentleman showed freely to the curious at Potter's Billiard-rooms and elsewhere. It was not [illegible] but rather in a sort of late for pain of another sort. The drug was quieting; and now, lazily, he undressed and got himself to bed.

CHAPTER VIII.—ACCIDENT.

Mrs. Thurlow had formerly assisted her husband as writing-mistress in the early days of the "Academy for Young Gentlemen," and was considered an eminent authority on penmanship, and even professed, I believe, a knowledge of the more abstruse science of autography, as it is called, or judgment of the character by the handwriting. She avowed that, as with some people, a face once seen is never forgotten, so was handwriting by her.

One afternoon, several days after the arrival of Captain Northgate's letter, Mrs. Thurlow, sitting with Rhoda, suddenly asked to see that composition again.

The Doctor had gone out riding, his custom always in the afternoon, and the two ladies were quite alone.

Rhoda produced the letter, and it was attentively read and commented on for the twentieth time, and Mrs. Thurlow, inspecting it carefully once more in silence, said:

"Written, you see, in a great hurry, and not in his usual hand. I should hardly take the penmanship for Captain Northgate's"—she spoke of him as Cyril no more—"except for the cramped and straggling formation of his characters. Have you any other specimens of his writing?"

In the music-book there was a song, the words of which he had copied for Rhoda from the original in the hands of a young lady at the theatre.

"A very marked difference, you observe," pursued Mrs. Thurlow, comparing the two specimens, "than at the same time a general resemblance. This letter is written in a decidedly tremulous hand—can't you detect a certain agitation in the loops and curves?"

"I doubt, notwithstanding, whether he was in a very violent state of agitation," laughed Rhoda. "Simply a shakiness of the nerves from bad hours and bad habits of all kinds."

"It cost him a pang to write this letter, Rhoda, and I shall never believe differently," retorted Mrs. Thurlow impressively. "When a person writes a letter in a style of caligraphy so very different from what is usually employed that it is scarcely recognizable, I maintain that there is decided mental agitation."

"I don't know, I am sure; but it is all over, and I am very glad," said Rhoda quietly. "Oh! here is papa," and she rose as the old-fashioned vehicle, almost in the style of a doctor's gig, drove up to the gate.

"There is someone with him, I think," said Mrs. Thurlow, peering out curiously; "and what can your father mean? He is tying the horse to the post."

Rhoda had gone to the other window, from which post of observation she saw Dr. Thurlow carefully descend from the gig, followed immediately by another person—a figure she recognized with something like a shock—for it was Charles Ravenswood.

"Who can it possibly be, dear?" inquired Mrs. Thurlow, anxiously inspecting the stranger. "How very distinguished-looking. If Doctor Thurlow expected anyone to tea, it is singular he did not inform me."

The two gentlemen came up the little graveled walk, the Doctor in advance, and disappeared together under the hooded porch, and a second afterwards were heard in the hall.

They were in the room. Rhoda through a mist saw the tall form of Ravenswood and his singularly handsome face; and in her ears sounded the confused murmur of the Doctor's introduction—all like a dream.

"Really saved my life," she heard her father say more distinctly, as she gradually returned to herself. "Old Darby, you know—safe and gentle as a house-dog, I always thought—I should have trusted him anywhere—it is really —a—unaccountable; I can't imagine what came over him. I never was so frightened—my heart is beating yet. I certainly owe Mr. Ravenswood my life."

"The children in the road startled him," said Ravenswood in his inexpressibly sweet and gentle tones. "There was a boy beating a drum, you may remember."

"Egad! I was, as usual, in a reverie, and remember nothing except that Old Darby, as sober as myself the instant before, suddenly reared and bolted away with me, jerking the reins out of my hand. An earthquake could hardly have been more surprising."

So he told the story of the runaway more in detail, by which it appeared that Ravenswood, opportunely in the neighborhood, had courageously rushed into the road and seized "Old Darby" just at the point when that hitherto faithful animal was about to toss his master out of the gig into a ditch.

I dare say nothing more serious than a good shaking-up and concussion would have followed, had the horse succeeded. Ravenswood pooh-poohed his exploit. But Doctor Thurlow, naturally timid, was confoundedly frightened, and looked upon his escape from a horrible death as simply miraculous.

Mrs. Thurlow received the first mention of Ravenswood's name a little stiffly; but, the story of the Doctor's misadventure having been related, she thanked his rescuer honestly and warmly. In truth, it was impossible not to be impressed with the actor's appearance—so handsome and highbred—and he so modestly deprecated all claims to any acknowledgment, and he spoke so gently and even sadly; and, in short, very few minutes had slipped by before Mrs. Thurlow came to the conclusion that he was, beyond all question, the most attractive person she had ever met. She had always entertained her own notions about theatrical people—a mysterious tribe, like the gipsies—subjects for speculation, but not presentable or to be cultivated. Ravenswood had shivered that theory.

All this while Rhoda had not uttered a word, nor had she met the actor's glance, and you would have said they had never been before aware of each other's existence. In the first shock of the surprise she was, perhaps, a little frightened; but now a faint smile flickered across her face, and she began to perceive the humorous phase of the situation.

"You will stay to tea with us, Mr. Ravenswood?" said Mrs. Thurlow hospitably. "I insist."

He murmured something about duties at the theatre; but the lady pinned him closely, and he was obliged to admit that he was not to act that evening. Thus it happened that he remained and drank tea with the Doctor's family, and over that nectar made himself agreeable upon many subjects. It was hardly aviodable that the unlucky topic of Northgate should come up, although Ravenswood tried to elude Mrs. Thurlow's inquiries with all the dexterity of which he was master.

"You were very intimate with him, Mr. Ravenswood, were you not?"

"He was, strictly speaking, more intimate with me," said he. "I thought I knew all his secrets, such as they were; but events have shown differently."

He exhibited the captain's letter, which Mrs. Thurlow examined curiously and commented on. Here, again, she avowed a discovery of a marked change in the absentee's handwriting, showing that he was, as she vaguely expressed it, under circumstances of great mental agitation.

"Under duress, you think?" inquired her guest carelessly.

"I will not say that. There is very probably no physical restraint, but he is suffering."

She made quite a little dissertation, with the letter for a text, to which Ravenswood listened with polite attention. But he was glad when they all returned to the parlor again and the subject was dismissed.

You could hardly fancy a pleasanter evening for a group so quiet. Doctor Thurlow was delighted with his guest—a kindred mind, he thought—and, the topic of the stage arising, would have monopolized him, had not Mrs. Thurlow protested.

The actor did not lose the opportunity to say a few graceful words in defense of his profession.

"There is much prejudice, of course," remarked Mrs. Thurlow, with a very distinct recollection of her own recent impressions. "Very unjust prejudice in many cases, I am sure."

Rhoda sang, and then played an accompaniment for Ravenswood, whose fine baritone made its usual impression; and then they performed a duet together.

It would, I think, be difficult to estimate how much we of modern society owe the piano. If we are obliged to endure a good deal of auricular torture at the hands of generally well-meaning but mistaken performers upon this instrument, is there not here enforced, as in so many other things, that law of compensation which keeps up the balance of existence and makes it endurable? Under the rumble and thunder of the bass pedal, what important confidences, otherwise impossible in a crowded room, are successfully exchanged? Ha'! the details of modern love-making are conducted over the keyboard. Two people occupying this point of vantage, be the throng never so great, are, while always under the general eye, as comfortably isolated as they might be anywhere on earth; and so impressions are made, understandings arrived at, quarrels compounded, and the whole business of courtship carried on.

It is not to be supposed that Ravenswood and Miss Thurlow, with their secret between them, could accept the accident of fate which, contrary to anything that at least one of them had ever dreamed, had thus brought them together, free to be friendly, without experiencing a wish to exchange views upon so extraordinary a circumstance. Not even a look had passed between them so far, and at their formal introduction both, as we know, had loved like strangers. Now, however, the moment had arrived when the constraint and uncertainty of the previous situation must, in one way or another, be dissolved.

"You have caused me a great deal of suffering this evening," said Rhoda in a low voice, while she played and he sang. "I feel a contempt for myself that I can hardly express. Could anything be more degrading than the role I have been playing—pretending never to have seen you before?"

"What could I do?" he said a moment later, when it was her turn to bear the burden of their performance. "It was your place to have recognized *me*—you must allow that in justice. I did not wish to come; but your father insisted, and placed what he was pleased to consider his obligation to me in such a light that to have refused would have been simply insult. You surely cannot think that I would willingly inflict pain upon you of any kind."

"Well, you know at best of what hypocrisy I am capable. It is all very curious; and I suppose you remember what I said the last time we saw each other—about removing poor papa's prejudices."

"I remember every word you ever spoke to me, Miss Thurlow," said Ravenswood sincerely.

"Very little worth the trouble, I'm afraid. But, regarding papa's prejudices, I think they are effectually removed—mamma's also—and, unless you dislike us all very much, this will not be your last visit here. We owe you papa's life."

"What nonsense! I assure you he was in no danger. But if you *will* have me a hero, 'I must have patience to endure the load.' It is a good deal like a dream to me—all this. I never could have imagined myself standing where I am. By this time I thought you would have been Mrs. Northgate. When we met and parted that evening in the churchyard, I supposed it was for the last time, and had got myself into a most sentimental frame of mind ——"

"While now you look upon it all as ridiculous," she said, gravely and almost sadly.

"No," he answered, perceiving that she did not like his tone. "Honest emotion is never ridiculous in my eyes, Miss Rhoda, and you do not know how I felt that night. I was sorry you were going to marry Captain Northgate, and more sorry that you were going to marry at all, and—and—there was a great deal more ——"

"Which you had better keep to yourself," she interrupted, laughing. "Captain Northgate appears to have been a good deal terrified at the prospect before him also, and has left me in a very mortifying strait. I suppose all the young ladies in town are making merry over my predicament. Well, it doesn't matter; I shall be a happy old maid now, and, after a while, I may do come laughing also in my turn. This is the last verse, isn't it?"

So the song ended.

CHAPTER IX.—HAUNTED.

It was quite eleven when Ravenswood bade good-night and withdrew from the hospitable old Doctor's cottage; time had glided by insensibly. The actor was in better spirits than for a long time. Never had he spent a pleasanter evening. The Doctor himself, so learned, genial, simple, most delightful of pedagogues; his wife, so wise a matron and so ladylike; and Miss Thurlow—Rhoda—so beautiful, so charming, so near perfection in everything. Ravenswood was, in fact, quite tipsy over his good luck. Everything had come about so happily—he had never dreamed—and now, how would it end? A shadow crossed him for a minute—sinister and malignant—and in the starlight something almost like a scowl distorted his handsome features; his friends of a while ago would have been startled at that aspect, but it was only for a moment. The one beautiful image in his mind filled it so completely that nothing unpleasant could intrude there long.

A little up the street he discerned a figure coming towards him that he knew—Joe Butts. Another time and in a different mood he would have avoided poor Joe; but now he was glad to have someone to talk to, and, moreover, was there not that ambiguous affair of the other day to be smoothed over and set right?

They had not spoken since, and Joe was for turning away; but Ravenswood hailed him cordially, placing his hand affectionately on his shoulder.

"The goodness of the night upon you, Joe! Where have you been and where are you going? How did the play go off to-night? And how was the house?"

Joe sulked a little and replied dryly; but Ravenswood was not to be put off so. His own spirits were so exuberant that he soon rallied the comedian into good humor also, and in a minute or two that honest fellow dismissed his grudge and linked his arm in his companion's very amicably.

"You must go with me to my rooms, Joe. I want someone to talk to. When did you hear from Bella?"

Joe winced, and Ravenswood felt his own arm tremble; but he said quietly:

"She does not write to me. Of course, you know we had a—a disagreement."

"How should *I* know? You don't imagine that she writes to me either, Joe? Don't mind the disagreement; women love to keep up a mysterious, smouldering quarrel with a fellow they like. I'll read you something from a book about that."

Ravenswood let himself in with a latch-key, and they went up to his rooms together, where he answered the welcome of his terrier, lighted a lamp and produced some refreshments.

"They enjoy a lover's misery," he continued, going to the bookcase and taking down a small volume. "Listen! it is Hans Gruter who said this," and smiling, a little sarcastically it may be, he read:

"I knew she loved me, for we never met without a quarrel. The morning she slapped my face filled the measure of my bliss, for then I saw that she could not control her feelings for me. With women, love is like the idol worship of an Indian tribe; at the moment their hearts are bursting with devotion they like to cut and wound and maltreat their god. With them, this is the ecstacy of their passion."

With the same sardonic smile on his handsome face, he replaced the book and came to the fire and sat down before it, with his hands in his pockets, and for some time, while he mused thus, there was a silence.

"Yes, women—girls, I mean, of course—are mysterious creatures, Ravenswood," said Joe, who very dimly comprehended the metaphysics just read for his benefit; "but so are men—some men, at least. Now, I never understood you quite."

"Plain as—as that lamplight, there, sir."

"I always thought you rather liked Bella yourself, without exactly wishing to like her, but at the same time wishing her to like you."

"Bella? Not I, Joseph, except in the beaten way of friendship. There is another—not a being of earth, but a spirit afar ——"

And he sang a snatch of song, wild and sad, addressed to an ideal love. His mood changed when he had finished, and he said rather bitterly:

"We all follow phantoms, Joe; and, by the way, that reminds me—how are your supernatural investigations progressing?"

The comedian rustled in his seat uncomfortably and smiled shyly.

"You will think it ridiculous, of course, Ravenswood," he said; "but I really have had some proof that there is foundation for some of the strange stories told of places."

"Indeed?"

"Last night, I assure you, after the performance I was not very sleepy, and I visited the neighborhood of the haunted mill on the Gladewater."

Ravenswood had been poking the fire, and he stopped abruptly with a sharp "Ah!"

"I was there alone, and it was after twelve o'clock, and I assure you that I saw lights and figures. You will think me a fool; but that old building is haunted just as they say."

"Haunted by rats."

"I swear I saw lights moving by the windows, and twice heard a very strange, unearthly cry, and once the form of a man came to the low door below, with a torch in his hand, and stood there for over a minute—just such a person as Dangerfield is described to have been."

"You were frightened, I suppose?"

"I—well, of course, I felt a little queer; there was not a soul about, and the night was very dark, and you know it is the most dismal spot on earth."

Ravenswood returned the poker to its corner and leaned back, reflecting; but he did not seem to be in quite the same good humor.

"If you really did see what you describe, and it was not all imagination," he said, "there is only one explanation—you saw human beings—tramps or ruffians of some kind. I hear that there have been robberies about here of late. I am surprised that the owner of that mill does not rent or lease it to someone. I walked out there some time ago, and found it by no means such a ruin as I had been led to suppose, and a very little would put it in proper condition."

"He could never find a tenant."

"No trouble on that score, believe me. It is just this—some clever rogues have a snug nest there, and keep up the bad reputation of the place by that very old device of making noises at night and showing lights. Let the owner put a tenant there of the right sort, and I rather think your ghosts, Joe, will cease to show up."

"I am not the only one who has seen queer things there. A fellow driving past a few nights ago saw—and he is willing to swear it—old Dangerfield and the young officer himself."

"What young officer?" asked Ravenswood sharply, and Joe fancied that he looked rather paler than usual.

"The British officer who was murdered there—don't you recollect the story? His body, some say, was buried in the cellar. A murdered man would not be likely to rest quietly in a grave like that."

"You are a fool, if you believe such stuff as that," said Ravenswood roughly. "It's all a lie—a villainous lie," and he, not used to swearing, blurted out a round oath, such as considerably startled his companion.

"But this fellow the other night—a farmer, you know, from the up-country—swears that he saw the ghost of the officer—a pale, slight, delicate young man—standing near the mill in the moonlight."

"It's not true, I tell you," retorted Ravenswood violently. "The idea of a rational man like you believing any such rubbish! I don't know what to think of you, Butts."

He seemed to be in one of his tempers, and struck the arm of his chair viciously.

"There's no use in getting angry about it," said Joe. "Some people have a constitutional tendency towards the marvelous, as doctors will tell you, and I suppose I am one of them. I can't help believing that a murdered man will come back after death and denounce his assassin. I would do it myself."

"But it *can't* be done."

"Well, why don't you go there some night and investigate for yourself?"

"Not I! I am not anxious to be knocked on the head for my money—or—or that kind of thing; and if you are wise you will keep away too, my good fellow. Lots of dangerous characters about this neighborhood; they were speaking of it at Potter's yesterday. I never had the fancy of some people for prowling in strange places late at night."

Joe smiled.

"Some say differently, Ravenswood. The old woman, you know"—and he nodded upward—"what is her name?—Mrs. Dobbles—says you keep no hours at all."

"Curse that woman!" and Ravenswood did curse her vehemently. "I'll leave these lodgings—I'll move to-morrow. You never could think of such lies as she is constantly telling about me."

He rose and began striding up and down the floor, raining anathemas upon his landlady, somnolent above, and peacefully unconscious of the dreadful things he invoked upon her.

But the gust blew over presently, and he resumed his chair.

"Folly unworthy of children, Joe," he said, "to believe in such stories, and you will find yourself in a very ridiculous position—a laughing-stock for everybody—if you continue to cherish such notions. I don't suppose any crime ever took place there; and if it did, I certainly don't believe the victim could come back to tell of it. The time is when a man's brains are out the man is dead, and that's the end of him."

A little longer they talked, and Joe told some of his best authenticated ghost-stories, and related several out of Sir Walter Scott and other histories of this sort of lore. Ravenswood listened—rather impatiently, it seemed—certainly he was not impressed.

They parted kindly, and Ravenswood accompanied his guest to the door with a light, and stood there for a minute or two watching him until he had melted into the distant shadows of the street.

"A good-natured little fool," soliloquized Ravenswood as he ran up the stairs again. "All fools are good-natured, they say—and dangerous."

He had a letter to write which might not be postponed, and, immediately getting out his materials, he indited that composition, which was brief and to the following effect:

MY DEAR BELLA.—So far all is well. Everything has been accepted without question, and I have not had the least inquiesude until this evening, and that only momentary. Joe Butts was here a little while ago, and told me something about Gladewater Mill being haunted—lights and people being seen there at night, etc. But there is no real necessity, I am sure, to feel disturbed. The secret buried there will not be revealed. Who would have a motive to unearth it? Idle curiosity might do mischief; but I shall take effectual measures to prevent accident. Suspicion there is none, so accident is all that we need provide against. What is hidden from the light is safe. As I have already several times directed, remain passive, and trust me as I trust you. You seem to be growing impatient; but that must be conquered. Wait only a little longer, and you shall be free. Devotedly yours, R.

He sealed this in an envelope and locked it in his desk. Then he returned to his chair before the fire, and dawn found him there still, enjoying a waking dream, which he had begun to believe lately might, after all, not be so impossible as it had once seemed.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A TRIO OF BURLESQUE ACTRESSES.

LIZZIE WEBSTER. NELLIE LARKELLE. VENIE CLANCEY.

STRAY THOUGHTS BUNCHED.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY COXEY.

High-strung gentlemen—Texas horse-thieves.

Mewtiny on the high C's—midnight cat-caucus.

Isn't a journalistic plagiarist a cliptomaniac?

A well-known actor calls his horse a Hamletonian.

An empty champagne-bottle is like an orphan, because it has lost its pop.

A country editor winds up an article on the corn crop with the remark: "We have on exhibition in our sanctum a pair of enormous ears."

A young criminal in jail told a visiting gospelizer that he had been brought up under spiritual influences. The old man always kept a jug full in the house.

Jump-up-and-run-away-and-then-sit-down-again, one of the hostile Indian gang, must have got that name by fooling around a yellow-jacket's nest.

Johnny Flopfinger's Sunday-school teacher asked him how he thought Jonah must have felt about the time the whale swallowed him, and the brilliant little Jack replied: "I guess he felt as if 'e was goin' to go up the spout."

"Meet me by gaslight alone," sang a young chap the other night beneath the window of his own Maria. And she popped her beautiful blonde head out and sang back: "Now, you back out o' here, you sugar-cured tenpin—I aint no gas meter."

They were engaged in a *tete-a-tete a cheval* in the evening twilight, talking of the childhood days that had passed, and Angelina abstractedly remarked: "How one thing brings up anothah, Geawge!" "Yes," replied George; then, looking up suddenly, "an emetic, for instance." Angelina merely said it was growing dark and damp, and it was time to ride home.

Canton, O.

THE ALBATROSS.—Somebody who has been studying the habits of the albatross, largest of the sea-birds in the South Atlantic, has come to the conclusion that it feeds almost entirely on dead fish, and is a sort of marine vulture. When it is feeding on dead fish, it is so greedy that a gun discharged cannot make it fly. Like a vulture or raven, it seems to know when any creature is dying or dead, and immense flocks of the birds will gather when the carcase of a sheep or beef or horse is thrown overboard. They appear to be able to see and to scent carrion for miles, and when it is floating on the ocean they will come in clouds from every point of the compass. They spend the greater part of the year far from land, but they go to barren and wellnigh inaccessible rocks to breed. The female lays her soiled white egg on the bare earth, the females often hatching so close together that they seem to have one nest in common. Then they are perfectly indifferent to the presence of man, at whom they merely snap when he invades their sanctuary. The male albatross is very gallant, sharing with the female the labor of incubation and of rearing the young, which, when fully fledged, puts off to sea with its parents, and with them plays its part of scavenger of the ocean. Many sailors are still superstitious about killing the albatross.

A NICE DISTINCTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY VANDYKE BROWN.

You wonder, perhaps,
What respectable chaps
Like myself, for example, can find in this place
That's attractive. Ah, well,
It were puzzling to tell,
If the charm of the thing is not seen on its face.

You're a weakness, I'm told,
For china that's old,
For dishes outlandish in pattern and hue;
Yet, suppose you should try
To explain to me why
You like the old crockery better than new?

'Twould be a mere waste
Of time, for my taste
Is not in that line. My pleasure is here—
To sit in the gloom
Of this underground room,
And calmly philosophize over my beer.

But it's vulgar, you think,
And this habit of drink
The feet of its followers frequently trips—
But ah, my dear sir,
You never can stir
The depths of man's soul till you've moistened his lips.

These rough, wooden chairs,
Those rickety stairs,
This quite unmistakable odor of cheese;
The lunch on the shelf,
Fat Hans there himself—
You may call them all common and cheap if you please;

Yet for me they possess
A charm none the less
Delightful because it is hid from your eyes;
And ev'rything here,
I assure you, is dear
To me as to Hans. Does that cause you surprise?

Then why let me ask,
You are happy to bask
In society's sunshine; you're warmed by its rays;
Its shallow conceits,
Its thin-coated cheats—
All these you stand ready to honor and praise.

While you turn your nose up
At this earthenware cup,
And sip your champagne from costly cut glass,
And ac old china dish
Bounds your uttermost wish—
Would it shock you if Hans there should call you an ass?

If a man has the mind,
Be assured he will find
Æsthetics in sausage, and poetry as rare
In lager as wine—
That shows his taste fine,
My sweet-scented lover of old crockery-ware!

The distinction is plain:
You were born for champagne,
While I was predestined to beer in a cup;
Yet beer is not bad
If a fellow can add
The malt of contentment. Here, Hans, fill 'em up!

A LOVER'S STRATAGEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY HUBERT H. DUVAR.

Lady Clara—Vere de Vere her name should have been, but it wasn't; it was Eversham—Lady Clara Eversham was a London belle of three seasons, with the face of an old Spanish or Italian master's angel, and the figure of a Greek statue. She was rich, immensely rich, and no doubt would have been happy if she had not been such a martyr to *ennui*. Everything bored her. She had tried everything, and everything was alike. She had tried high art and high church, and everything else high—of course she could do nothing low—and it was all the same. She thought she would write a novel, because all novels were so dull, and it wearied her to read them; but when she had two or three chapters written, she threw them in the fire.

"It is a bore," she said. "It is usually servant-maids who write society novels, and I'm sure I do not know enough French to suit the popular idea of our conversation."

So she yawned, and for very weariness was obliged to content herself with ordering a few new toilets, which were the envy of all her female friends, as she herself was the distraction of her male acquaintances.

"I wish they would not propose so often," she said to her cousin Miss Lydia Lyle. "They all make the same faces and say the same thing in the same way, just as they all dress their hair alike and patronize the same tailor. The idea! If ever I did accept one, he should not be a tailor's lay-figure. When I marry, it will be to have a master."

From which it may be inferred that Lady Clara was somewhat romantic, for all her languor.

Of course there was an aspiring yeoman who adored this Lady Clara who should have been named Vere de Vere. Only he wasn't a yeoman, but a barrister of good family, though poor; and his name was Charles Wickham. He found himself alone in a conservatory one night with Lady Clara, and he dropped on one knee and made a proposal in proper novelistic style. Lady Clara yawned, and said she did not care about private theatricals, as a general thing—they were such a bore.

"I do not like to see anyone I have a respect for make a fool of himself," she said, when narrating the circumstance to her cousin Miss Lyle.

Charles did not despair, however, and when Lady Clara and all the world went to Brighton he went too.

Lady Clara would persist in driving a pair of unmanageable horses, and the consequence was they ran away with her one day, and she would have been killed if Charles, at the risk of his own life, had not stopped them. He thought it well to strike while the iron was hot, and again made an offer of his heart and hand. Lady Clara said she didn't believe in introducing theatrical effects into everyday life, and didn't approve of marrying a hero to soft music, with a chorus of the whole company. It was a bore. Still our hero did not despair.

"She wants a man who is her master," he said, for Miss Lydia had basely betrayed this sentiment of Lady Clara's. "Well, she shall find one."

So he bided his time.

Lady Clara was more bored at Brighton than in Belgravia. She watched the fishing-boats go out to sea, and thought it would be a novelty to catch some fish. Charles offered to row her out for that purpose, and she graciously accepted his offer.

When they were about a mile from the shore Lady Clara dropped her glove into the water, and, as she darted forward to catch it, the boat, which was a flat-bottomed one, capsized. The next thing Lady Clara knew she was sitting on the bottom of the boat, supported by Charles Wickham's arm. She felt very uncomfortable, but recovered her coolness in a moment.

"Thank you," she said. "I can sit here without assistance."

Charles at once removed his arm, shifted to the farther end of the boat, and nursed the oars, which he had managed to pick up.

The sun had nearly set, and the tide was ebbing rapidly and carrying them out to sea. Lady Clara was very uneasy, but she tried to hide it. Charles took a weed from his cigar-case.

"Do you object?" he asked. "The wind will not let it annoy you."

She signified that it would not annoy her, and Charles sat and smoked for the space of half an hour, chatting gayly all the time, until the sun sank out of sight. Lady Clara was singularly silent.

"Beautiful sunset!" said Charles.

"Yes," said Lady Clara absently. "Are we not drifting farther from the shore?"

"Yes," said Charles cheerfully. "The wind and tide are in our favor, and we have gone more than a mile since we upset."

Lady Clara's face grew paler.

"It will soon be dark," she said, "and I am afraid no one will see us to rescue us."

"Not the least chance," he answered. "There is quite a rage nowadays for crossing the Atlantic in small craft. We will introduce a novelty, and cross on a boat bottom up. We will be quite celebrated characters when we reach New York."

His demoniac coolness, almost exultation, and the fast-gathering darkness so overcame Lady Clara that she began to cry, and, besides, the boat began to toss about in a very alarming way.

"Are you a gentleman?" she sobbed.

"Well, no," he said coolly; "I do not think I am. I rehearse private theatricals sometimes, and occasionally improvise startling theatrical effects. That is all."

He could see Lady Clara's face flush as red as the last crimson streak in the sky as she turned to him.

"O Charles!" she cried "I WILL. You must forgive me, for I loved you all the time."

Of what followed Lady Clara has a very confused remembrance to this day, beyond a passionate kiss, the embrace of a strong arm, a cold plunge in the water, and then sitting dripping wet in the boat, now in its proper position, while Charles pulled with all his might for the shore.

Lady Clara is still as beautiful as ever, but, strange to say, is no longer troubled with *ennui*. Perhaps she has not time, for her husband is a member of Parliament, and she has also two other charges, who, for all their smallness, seem to require quite as much attention as their father, the rising statesman.

THE FRENCH ARMY is fixed in the Budget for 1879 at 496,442 men and 134,279 horses. In this are included the Sespaplean Guard, numbering 27,193; the gendarmerie, 13,480; and 22,434 men and 15,756 horses in Algeria. The military budget amounts to $110,608,680. The number of one-year volunteers for 1879 is fixed at 6,810, and that of ordinary recruits at 165,000, comprising 60,000 men of the second contingent, who have to serve only from six to twelve months.

BOSTON is to be the next city with an elevated railroad, a charter having already been obtained.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1878.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No Answers by Mail or Telegraph.

C. W. M., Ottawa.—If it is a fact that that oterie always plays straight flushes, then this pot should be divided between the two bettors. This should be done in accordance with the ruling of the stakes holder in Cincinnati, for while it was the duty of the stakes holder to call that oterie himself beforehand of the character of that oterie, it was equally more the duty of the oterie to inform him, or some one, that it was their practice to play but only straight flushes also straight flushes, which are not interfered with by the two different hands, the playing of the first not necessitating the playing of the second. On the other hand, should it appear that this oterie does not always play straight flushes, that is proof that with them, as straight flushes, that is a matter of fact, the rest of the world, the straight flush is a matter of mutual agreement; and, there having been no special or mutual agreement in this case, a wins the pot, for the highest poker-hand, the world over, is supposed of four aces, until we agree to resurrecture a barber, such as the royal flush, or a hand of five other specified cards, or any one of a thousand other possible combinations, whose introduction into the game subserve no good purpose, and are really an evil, as leading to wrangling and to unjust losses under the plea, true or false, that this, that or the other oterie does or does not play such combinations.

R. K. G., Detroit.—You're wrong. The fault was prima only this in not being quite prompt, and the fault was next his partner's in throwing down the trumps when he should have known, as well as C, that Chad as get not expressed a voice. And C were true, being partners, and C was dead by A's turning down of the trump. C's assertion that it was all done so quickly that he had no time to protest lacks probability. It can be true only as to D's passing. It certainly would have taken A less time for C to cry "Stop!" than it did for A to turn down the trump.

H. V., Virginia City.—1. Fire-engine Companies 21 and 13, of the old Volunteer Department of this city, had a fight in Printing-house Square, during which 13 was upset and pistols were fired, but we do not think anyone was killed. They fought upon another occasion in Broad street. 2. Engine 44 did duty in the Fourth and Fifth Districts prior to and during 1866. Two additional districts were made in the lower part of the island, which changed the old Fourth and Fifth into the Sixth and Seventh. Our recollection is that 44 did not do duty in either the Seventh or the Eighth District.

R. B. J., Arcadia.—It is a case of mange. Destroy all the litter, and thoroughly cleanse your dog's habitation each day—if a kennel—with boiling water, slightly impregnated with ammonia or carbolic acid. Wet the bedding be clean straw or shavings. Wash the dog well with warm water and soft soap, and use the following ointment: Sulphur sub., 8oz., whalesoil, 8oz., oil of tar ½oz., ung. hydrarg. ½oz.; well mixed. Wash off and repeat in three days, and again after the same interval if necessary. Give plenty of exercise; no meat, but wholesome and nutritious food twice a day.

RICHARDSON, Mc. Falls.—1. Is the following decision correct? Four-handed euchre. A deals, and C is his partner. C says he assists and goes it alone. Can A compel him to go alone, if C consents? *Answer.*—Yes.''''.....1. The decision is clearly wrong. It permits C to virtually say to his partner: "I will go alone if you are not strong enough to do so." B. We can show you where it has repeatedly decided the other way. 3. Why that difference of opinion between the players themselves, in the first place? 4. Melvin Foster is in his thirty fifth year.

M. A., Oxford.—''There are three candidates. A bets B that C will not receive three hundred majority over D. C is elected by a plurality vote, and received three hundred over D. Who wins?''.....B wins. The three hundred votes C polled in excess of D were a majority of that number over D. If ''over D'' had not been inserted to make the bet clear, A would have won, as ''majority'' then would have meant excess over both the other candidates.

ANXIOUS.—1. Of course there is. 2. There was no Bradley in the Returning Board. The Hon. Joseph P. Bradley was chosen a member of the Electoral Commission by four Judges of the U. S. Supreme Court. As two of these Judges were Republicans and two Democrats, it is to be inferred that Judge Bradley, also of the U. S. Supreme Court, was selected by them because he was regarded as bound by no tie to either party. 3. Judges of the U. S. Supreme Court are appointed. 4. A can make it longer.

FOLKES, San Francisco.—1. The Argonauts four-oared crew rowed two miles, with a turn, in 11m. 55s. The exact distance is very seldom rowed by professional four-oared shell crews, and not often by amateurs in a straight course. 2. Cannot give average time. 3. All other conditions being similar, an oarsman should be able to attain a faster rate of speed on salt water than on fresh, as the former buoys up a boat better, and in consequence the oars meet there is less resistance to be overcome, the labor entailed on the rower is not so great.

PRESTON, Detroit.—Hearts are trumps, A having refused to run the cards higher. What was said by A bound neither party to run them. It was not A's "first say," and what he said amounted to nothing. It was B's place, as non-dealer, to make propositions. If B had proposed to run or not to run, without A having said anything, A would evidently have refused, and the result would have been the same as it is now. All this is our opinion. There has never been a fixed rule in print or out of it, governing the point.

OPHIR CITY.—At Denver, Col., Capt. Bogardus attempted to kill four birds, sprung from four traps simultaneously. He had four guns at his disposal. The first gun he picked up wasn't loaded, and after snapping it he dropped it, and, catching up another, fired, bringing down one bird with the first barrel, and the other three with the second. Bogardus says he does not know what the third was.

"FERGY," Montreal.—A wins the pot. It was immaterial what he called his own hand. B should not have thrown up his cards until he had seen A's. When he threw them up, and they became mixed with the pack, it was impossible for him to prove that he had even a pair. What he says he had amounts to nothing, just as A's saying he had four aces did not compel him to show four aces in order to win.

HENRY G.—1. Marriage in this State is by the law regarded as merely a civil contract. That says a good deal, and further than that we do not care to say in print. 2. No. But it is possible for a foreign-born person to vote here without taking out any papers whatever. 3. If papers are necessary to entitle such a foreign-born person to vote, he cannot take out the final ones until he has been here five years.

J. M. F., St. Louis.—Thos. Maguire sent a negro-minstrel troupe to Australia, and it was probably with that troupe that Mr. Wade was engaged. By addressing letters of inquiry to Mr. Maguire, manager of Baldwin's Theatre, San Francisco, Cal., and also to Sheridan Corbyn (who also took another minstrel troupe to Australia about the same time), 532 Merchant street, that city, you may be able to get trace of him.

R. G. B., Oswego.—''Smith receives 3,430 votes, Jones 1,011, and Brown 611. A bets B that Smith will not have 2,300 majority. Who wins?''.....If you have made no mistake in your figures, the dispute is absurd. So far from having a majority in the usual sense of that word, Smith has not even a plurality of 2,500. His excess over Jones alone is only 2,469.

SUBSCRIBER, Quebec.—At the American game of vingt-un, which is the one now usually played, ties with the dealer are a stand-off. At the English game the dealer would have to pay. Whether you were playing the English or the American game is to be inferred from whether or not B called a "natural" as soon as he got his second card.

MELODRAMA.—1. Go to Blooms', 338 and 340 Bowery, where a female attendant will take the proper measurements for both symmetries and tights. The first-named have to be woven to order to insure a perfect form, and of course the tights must correspond in size. You could not measure yourself correctly for either.

J. C. S., Lafayette.—Performers seldom, if ever, publish their own song-books. A well-known publishing firm in this city does so, giving the performers a certain sum of money or number of copies of the book for the right to use their name. You could not republish songs which are copyrighted, without the owner's consent.

J. A., Emiuton.—1. One point. A will make two for a euchre. The game being regular euchre, the only player who could go alone was A. There is no "lone" in playing one hand against one hand. Four are given for five tricks because it is five cards to nothing against two.

T., Bridgeport.—The player who has eight balls wins the game. The idea is absurd that a man must continue on for the reason that, if he plays long enough, he will certainly incur a forfeit, or almost as certainly fall down and break a leg.

O. T. HARRIS, Morristown.—1. We publish brief accounts in the issue immediately following the dates on which the matches take place. 2. No. 3. We have not seen any. There is no organized football association in the States outside of the colleges. 4. No answers by mail.

J. C., Chicago.—Upper Saranac Lake.—There is sometimes such a hand in poker as a straight-flush. It is a special hand, introduced by agreement, and will beat four aces when it is played.

F. D. H., Philadelphia.—He never acted in "Around the World in Eighty Days," which was originally played in Paris, France. It was first acted in America at the Bowery Theatre, this city, March 29, 1875.

C. C., Canton.—We cannot undertake to advise you, but should think that the American Institute Fair, in this city, or the Chicago Exposition, would be the best place to exhibit your invention.

A. C. S., National Home.—A has as much of an advantage in making one of his balls a rover as B has in having two balls to play with, instead of one. B's play in putting A's rover on was correct.

CLIPPER READER, Buffalo.—Wait and see. The Judiciary Committee award the championship, and the champions take THE CLIPPER banner as well as the pennant. The individual prizes will be gold.

PINCHER.—1. Weights are not used by amateur athletic clubs. 2. Johnson is claimed to have made 12ft. 5in. in the standing wide-jump, but we cannot say whether he used weights or not. 3. We do not know anything about it.

RANGOR.—1. Straights, blazes and royal flushes are of no force in poker unless it is agreed upon to play them. As to the first and second, their value should also be agreed upon, for they are of no force in poker as they stand.

ETHEL.—1. Unmarried. 2 After her recent divorce she was authorized by the Court to assume that name. 3. It is purely a matter of opinion who is the best child-actress at the present time.

UNSOPHISTICATED, St. Louis.—Write to J. H. Haverly, Haverly's Theatre, Chicago, Ill., and tell him what you wish to accomplish. We would not advise you to pursue the other course.

J. E. M., Buff.—There is no settled practice. Usually, at sixty-six, the loser of a game has the first deal in the next game. Many players, however, limit this practice to three-handed games.

A. AND H., Cleveland.—Capt. Bogardus' lowest score in a match at 100 birds during his last visit to England was 94, which he was defeated by by nine birds. In his match with Capt. Shelley he scored 84.

J. H., Brooklyn.—Those sons became American citizens at their birth, and, unless meanwhile they have done something to forfeit that citizenship, they need no naturalization-papers.

DALLIED.—''Meandering Through the Park,'' ''We Met, Love,'' ''Don't You Remember What You Promised Me?'' ''Little Sweetheart,'' ''Down by Dot Old Mill Stream,'' ''My Handsome Blue-eyed Bride,'' ''Our Educated Feet.''

STERRY.—It is not customary for amateur athletic associations to make use of weights in jumping, but the ''Laws of Athletics'' do not prohibit their use, and in one or two colleges they may be in favor.

J. C., Chicago.—A can be heard to his answer: ''I cannot give,'' to which he gave weigh; by laying down his cards as if to ''run'' the deck. He must ''run,'' if B insists upon it.

LEWIS, Davenport.—1. Joe Coburn weighed 152lb the day he fought Mike McCoole. 2. We think he has weighed more than that walking about in citizen's dress, but he never fought at 183lb.

SYRACUSE, Rochester.—1. Samuel French & Son, corner of Union square and University place, this city, can supply you with works on costumes. 2. H. J. Eaves, East Twenty-second street, near Broadway, this city.

A. B. S., Winnipeg.—1. Cannot state the greatest estimated number of people who ever witnessed the Derby race in England. 2. We have heard that he cannot, but have no positive knowledge of the fact.

S. B. D., Los Angeles.—It is not improbable that the time you mention was made. We have no record of time made in any other race governed by the same conditions.

F. S. S.—1. There are more Irish than Germans in this city by about 34,000. 2. The next U. S. census will probably be taken in 1880.

MUSICIAN, Rochester.—It is purely a matter of opinion who are the best performers in the world in the respective lines named by you.

H. D. L., Chicago.—1. Bijou Heron is at school in Europe. 2. Apply in person to the manager of any such troupe in this city.

ACTOR, Buffalo.—1. We do not publish the ages of professional ladies. 2. Not married. 3. No such book in print.

T. P. K., Marblehead.—It is not building from the table. It is not strictly "building." It is "combining," and it is correct.

PEADY, Phillipsburg.—The bet is assumed to be on the election next past, and the man will win if the party he named is elected.

J. H. B., Malden.—Your friend is "skunked" beyond the possibility of continuous doubt in the mind of anyone but himself.

YORK HOUSE.—Geo. Guyon walked 75 miles in 16h. 53m. at Rochester, N. Y., Aug. 12 last. Smith gave up after walking less than 42 miles.

B. H. B., Phila.—He stands about 5ft. 8in., weighs about 185lb. and is about forty-two years old, we should judge. For exact weight, age and height, address him.

P. M., Boston.—A put out on his low, as C, who gave two, and made high game, had two to go, while B had but one.

CONSTANT READER, London.—Do not know his whereabouts. Address a letter to him in care of this office, and it may elicit the desired information.

C. O. D.—Edgin Worrest began an engagement in the Broadway Theatre, but below Broome street, New York, Sept. 9, 1867.

H. E., Providence.—Rev. Josiah Henson is said to have been the model from which Mrs. H. B. Stowe drew the character of Uncle Tom; but we cannot vouch for it.

CHARLEY BASS.—Pittsburg.—1. You Brooklyn (L. I.) theatre was burned Dec. 5, 1876. 2. The Ashtabula railroad disaster occurred Dec. 29, 1876.

KING.—1. Write to the lady named, and let her read the letter. 2. Since there were recently laws drawn forming society for the protection of American playwrights.

S. K. W., Washington.—The man for whom 46 was thrown over the ring. The party who was called upon to throw the hand had not the slightest license to sell the chance.

CONSERVATIVE CO., Lafayette.—The dealer at euchre must give himself precisely the same number of cards, each time around, that he gives to the others.

J. H., Sharon.—1. Cassell's geography. 2. Tom Sayers defeated Bill Ne, ,ain twice. 3. It is.

A. J. B. JR., Baltimore.—1. A hand of four cards is foul at poker, and the holder has no claim to the pot. 2. You can tell out on "sweeps," as on any other point.

A. J. G., Brooklyn.—1. May 5, 1868. 2. Probably in 1849-50, as the first train from here to New Haven ran in December, 1848.

ROLLER, Hartford.—Properly used, glycerine will keep rubbers' rollers soft. It is the water in those rollers that causes shrinkage.

PROF. W. F.—1. Washing.—1. Your card will cost 75c. each time. 2. Five at $20 per week upwards. 3. Your letter was sent as directed.

C. W.—It rains somewhere on that day. You do not state where, and we prefer to be excused from pursuing so trivial a speculation.

J. W. M., Boston.—The pyramids of Egypt, St. Peter's Church, Rome, and the Strasburg Cathedral are the three highest structures in the world, probably.

EVART ELLIS.—1. Don't know. 2. John G. Scholes of Toronto is about as good as any in Canada, we understand.

E. S. BATES, Leominster.—1. The run, as with truck, can only go on record as of an eighth of a mile. 2. See those in CLIPPER ALMANAC, price 15 cents.

E. E. P., Lynn.—THE CLIPPER ALMANAC answers the question. He held the best up with one hand, but used both in getting it so his shoulder.

A. D. T. G., Marlboro.—We would advise that you propound your queries to the oarsman himself, as we have no means of finding out save by communicating with him.

W. E. JONES, Paris.—The fastest running time by a horse, one mile, is 2.12¾, by Ten Broeck. Running races are not officially timed in England.

J. S., Kearney, N. J.—Gaydon is a teacher of the guitar, and is located on Tremont street, Boston, Mass.

C. A. MEEKER, Warren.—Have sent your letter to a builder.

F.—Edward Cooper's term as Mayor of this city will be two years, we believe.

J. D. C., New Brunswick.—Marie Gordon in private life is Mrs. John T. Raymond.

DICK, Rochester.—A loses. Baker did not get a majority of votes.

M. D. M., Essex.—He recently closed his circus season, and may yet be addressed in care of this office.

E. G. W., St. Louis.—We do not know "the price of the finest barber-shop in America."

F. McD.—Four aces are high at poker, unless it is agreed to play straight-flushes.

D. AND F.—Ed. Burt played Dr. Landis (tragedian) and H. A. Fisher the agent (manager).

SUBSCRIBER, New Bedford.—It was not a base-hit, as it enabled the fielders to force a man out.

A CONSTANT READER, Washington.—They will appear in due time.

W. H. W., York.—Address H. W. Collender, 738 Broadway, this city.

W. M. J., Galena.—You can call the pile "eights," and neither your opponent nor yourself can alter it.

W., Boston, and MONTREAL.—The weight of pure English bulldogs ranges from 16lb to 30lb, and some are heavier.

FAKIR OF MAGIC, Lowell.—We cannot say, never having seen such a business advertised in any English paper.

VARNEY, New Castle.—William Rufus Blake died in Boston, Mass., April 22, 1862.

J. O. H., Nashua.—If B can make the two he gave, his high will count before C's low and put him out.

A. SCHREIBER, Toronto.—You can decide the matter yourself by the latest revised English rules.

C. AND F., Utica.—The best name is that which is most expressive—"Billiard Hall and Bowling Alley."

CONSTANT READER, St. Louis.—Having passed out, D had no right to say anything.

THEO. W. AND G. H. W., Newark.—In this county a man cannot vote without being registered.

CONSTANT READER, Cincinnati.—In 10, 5, 5, 5, 4, 3, there is no run for the last 3.

CHICAGO.—Five sixes make the highest hand at poker-dice.

G. A. F., Clyde.—See CLIPPER ALMANAC, or wait for that for 1879 to be issued about Jan. 5 next.

C. E. F., St. Louis.—Charles Gallagher, who fought Tom Allen, died at Jacksonville, Fla.

J. J. Jr., Elyria.—Write to the Pope Manufacturing Company, 87 Summer street, Boston, Mass.

M. P.—He's not dead by which we can tell you which was the coldest Monday in those years.

F. G. B.—The horse Duke of Magenta, now on his way to England, is a runner.

B. S. T., Brooklyn.—You cannot change the color without the use of cosmetics.

E. M. M., "Serio-comic."—Letters remain in our care until claimed by the parties to whom they are addressed.

M. B.—Edward Cooper, Mayor-elect of this city, is a Democrat.

J. J. D.—State the game so that we can recognize it, and likewise state if the player also hit his five ball, and when.

CONSTANT READER.—1. April 1, 1873. 2. About 546 were lost.

C. E. L., Allegheny.—The statement is not clear to us, though the facts are no doubt quite apparent to yourself.

L. AND S., Amsterdam.—The three fastest consecutive heats are Rarus' 2:15, 2:13¼, 2:13¾.

A. B. C., Phila.—Sayers' arm was not broken in his fight with Heenan.

M. MARSHALL, Erie.—A forfeit must be posted before a challenge can be published.

ORMISTON, Peterboro.—We have nothing to add to the answer given.

VOICE CULTURE, Boston.—Apply to any good teacher. A number can be found in your city.

EDDYSTONE, Chester.—It is a fair bet, and A wins the hat.

CONSTANT READER, Lawrence Co.—We do not know.

H. M. C., Baltimore.—High, low, jack and the game.

CARROLL.—Write to Prof Edison, Menlo Park, N. J.

W. J., Philadelphia.—In California, March 29, 1878.

EMMA B.—No races are announced for that date.

J. H., Newark.—About forty-two, we should say.

DICK M., Atlantic.—They will be used if suitable.

W. J. CHAPPELLE.—One dollar and fifty cents.

A. G. T., Susquehanna.—We cannot say.

W. W.—For two years, we think.

F. B., Toronto.—They did not.

B. F. N.—There is no remedy.

HAVING once more decided the fate of the nation, and placed the distribution of the loaves and fishes in the hands of the successful candidates, our duty is done; so the next thing in order is to get out the old skates and sleighs, and put them in good running order for the approaching season, which, according to the weather-wise prophets, is to be unusually severe, or otherwise, as the case may be. The first snow and the first ice of the season have already made their appearance, and the merry sleigh-bells will soon be heard on the avenues, while the cackle of the bull-frog will be overshadowed by the hilarious jocularity of the belles and the beaux as they glide over the frozen thoroughfares, or join in the mazy at the warm hostelrie on the road, while the dispenser of spiritual truth is brewing a mug of ye choice mountain-dew or a flagon of ye rich and racy hot-scotch.

THEATRICALS in New York seem difficult to understand just now. A year or so ago some of our most attractive Broadway stars, failing to draw in their usual places along the line of our great thoroughfare, passed over to the western quarter of the city, and did remarkably well there with a low scale of prices. This year they have once more made a change of base, and the Old Bowery is now their objective point. Thus, if the mountain will not come to Mahomet, Mahomet must go to the mountain.

EXTRAORDINARY EXCITEMENT has been occasioned by the exhumation of the remains of A. T. Stewart, and their concealment by the resurrectionists. Body-snatching is no new thing in this vicinity, but it required the theft of a millionaire's body to direct attention to the subject. The arrest and conviction of the parties who stole the body of Stewart may be the means, hereafter, of protecting the remains of those who die poor.

WHAT THE BASEBALL-PLAYER is to do with himself in the dreary months of Winter, when baseball is not, and the bat and the ball are carefully laid away in camphor, is one of the distressing questions now agitating his otherwise calm and unruffled mind. A study of the laws of the game might help him to pass the lonely hours away, and better fit him for the requirements of the next campaign.

ALTHOUGH Congress Hall, the Atlantic, and other burnt-out hotels at Cape May stood close to the water's edge, not a resident of that celebrated watering-place had the forethought to put out the fire by topping the burning buildings into Old Ocean, whence they would have been carried out to sea, and all traces of the conflagration been thereby obliterated.

FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND PERSONS are now ready to swear that they were guests last Summer at the hotels destroyed by fire on Saturday at Cape May. Two hundred thousand will make additional affidavit that they were the very last that took a meal at Congress Hall, the Columbia, or the Centre House.

YE LATE ice-cream vender standeth all the day idle, and bewaileth yet passing-away of ye sunny days of childhood, and all that that implies. But ye living dispenser of hot chestnuts smileth in ye plenitude of his prosperity, and mocketh at ye infirmities of ye obsolete dealer in frozen wares. Verily, there *is* a time for all things.

WHEN WE HEAR defeated candidates calmly singing "There is a happy land far, far away," we cannot help believing that such men were created for nobler purposes than to be stood up in the political arena merely to be knocked down by the cruel hand of fate. Ah!

THE MAN of Boston who, for several months past, has made money right straight along by soliciting aid for the purpose of assisting him to bury his grandmother, has just been gathered to his alleged deceased relative, and placed in the silent tomb for one year.

AN INDEPENDENT VOTER, after being pressed for his occupation on essaying to poll his tenth ballot, admitted that he was a stone-cutter, but the challenger brought out the additional fact that he "served his time" in Sing Sing!

THE NATIONAL PARK BANK of this city acknowledges the receipt of $180,640.66 in aid of the yellow-fever sufferers up to Nov. 9, and we believe this is the largest sum received by any institution or committee for that object.

AND NOW ye small boy walketh in his sleep, and goeth for ye Fall pippins and ye greenings; and ye paternal parent catcheth ye somnambulist on ye fly with ye forbidden fruit, and doth beat him with many stripes.

WITH ITS VAST EXPERIENCE in the complications of political warfare, and its knowledge of the eccentricities of weapons of offense and defense, it now appears that Tammany "didn't know it was loaded."

WITH the closing of the polls on election day the bar-room setter suddenly found his occupation gone, for the candidate had performed his duty to his fellow-man and closed up for repairs.

THE GAS COMPANIES everywhere seem to be greatly exercised in private over the possibility of the success of the electric illuminator, and yet in public they affect to make light of it.

THE PEOPLE most enthusiastic over the prospect of a resumption of specie payment are those who have nothing to redeem, and have but faint hopes of getting anything.

CHARLES READE'S LATEST.

If MR. Charles Reade were not a novelist of repute, we should be strongly tempted to say of him—some one of the things which he is apt to call his rivals. His recent letter to the husband of Frances Hodgson Burnett, touching the dramatization of "That Lass o' Lowrie's" displays certain characteristics which might have made him infamous, had not other things made him famous. This latter publication also justify his course in constructing a play out of materials furnished by somebody else. He declares that there is no earthly reason why he should not dramatize Mrs. Burnett's novel, "The authoress," he says, "in her book has shown a natural and proper desire to retain *copyright* in both countries. But she has not printed one syllable to lead one to suppose she desired to retain *stagecright* in it." This is Mr. Reade's plea, Italics and all.

It may be true that there is no earthly reason—or shall we say legal reason?—why an Englishman may not dramatize an American story. We speak thus of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," because it was written, printed and copyrighted in America, and because Mrs. Burnett, although an Englishwoman by birth, achieved her first literary distinction in this country. Undeniably Charles Reade was at liberty to make a play out of the story, if he so chose. He had the right to do it—legally. He could bring it out at any English theatre—legally. He could profit by the brains of another, and share the receipts of the box-office—legally. But—but is this the Charles Reade who, not very long ago, uncorked the vials of his vituperative wrath and poured their vitriolic contents upon the heads of all thieves who stole the products of other men's brains? Is this the Charles Reade who, in announcing his dramatization of this very story, advertised that he would give a handsome reward to any person who would "give him timely notice of piracy"—emphasized with a big P? Is this the Charles Reade who, in a prefatory note to the American edition of "Put Yourself in His Place" (we have not a copy of the book at hand, but we quote his words as nearly as we can from memory), said that he hoped all reputable publishers in this country would respect the moral right which Messrs. Sheldon & Co. had acquired by paying him liberally for the advance-sheets of his story? If this, indeed, be the same Charles Reade, then either time has wrought in him a marvelous change, or else that which we mistook for honest warfare against literary piracy was, in fact, nothing more than the explosion of a very noisy blank-cartridge.

But the author of "A Simpleton" endeavors, in his letter, to draw a sharp line between copyright and stagecright. He would have it appear that there is no piracy about stealing the material for an acting drama. Legally he is right, so long as the drama in question is acted in England. But what are the facts in this case? Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett wrote a story which achieved—and deserved—amazing success. This story was straightway reprinted in London, and not long afterwards was adapted to the stage. In fact, three versions had been advertised (and two of them performed) in England before Mr. Reade took the matter in hand. With characteristic modesty he explains in his letter that he should not have undertaken the task if the other dramatists had shown themselves capable of dealing with the subject. Having so far condescended as to take hold of this story and dramatize it, as it should be dramatized, Mr. Reade proceeds to sell to an American actress the right to play his version of an American story in America! And he coolly writes to the author of that story: "No egg can be roasted all on one side. I cannot be divinely just to American citizens in a business where they never show me one grain of human justice or even mercy; and so long as your nation is a literary thief you must expect occasional reprisals. These reprisals are a sort of bad equity." Let it be remembered that this noble sentiment is expressed by the chivalric champion of the moral rights of authors. But these are not all the facts. Mrs. Burnett not only wrote, published and copyrighted "That Lass o' Lowrie's" in this country, but she reserved all stagerights, dramatized her own novel, and copyrighted that dramatization. Mr. Reade closes his letter to Dr. Burnett by asserting that in the United States, as in England, there is no such thing as stagecright in a novel. Educated Londoners have been known to inquire whether New-Yorkers live exclusively on the buffaloes which they kill in the streets, or whether our diet is occasionally varied by the introduction of a boiled papoose. We do not look to resident Englishmen generally for a very comprehensive knowledge of America; but we confess to a certain degree of surprise at finding a writer of Mr. Reade's positiveness proclaiming his ignorance of our laws with such self-satisfied assurance. Doubtless he will learn, if he did not long ago know, that in the United States there is such a thing as stagecright in a novel, and, moreover, when that right is infringed on, there is a law to punish the offender. So far as we are able to learn, no exception to this law is made in favor of Mr. Charles Reade, novelist.

Very properly, Mrs. Burnett took it upon herself to reply to the letter addressed to her husband. Her answer cannot fail to prove racy reading to Mr. Reade. She says, among other things, that some time ago she wrote a letter to the novelist requesting him to dramatize her story for England, but afterwards decided not to send it. "I wish I had now," she adds, "because then I might have retained an illusion or so." The keen but delicate irony of that sentence is worthy of its author. We have no doubt it will be appreciated by Mr. Reade. The author of "Foul Play" tells us he is a dramatist, and that nothing but bad laws ever drove him into the novel. If that is so, let us thank bad laws. Mr. Reade should be judged by the same rules which are applied to other men. We certainly have no desire to belittle his literary achievements. He has written some of the best novels of the day. The crisp, bright style of his earlier works was a sort of revelation. The trenchant tone of some of his later books effected reforms which Parliament had failed to accomplish. Perhaps he is greater even as a dramatist than as a novelist; but if that be so, it seems a little odd that he should be forced to find material for his plays in the brain-product of other writers. Greatness in a dramatist is the power to create, not to adapt. However, while we admire Mr. Reade's talents, we hold that he had no moral right to make use of Mrs. Burnett's story without first consulting that lady; and he had no legal right to sell his version of a play which had already been copyrighted in this country. As for the letter which he addressed to Dr. Burnett, we can only repeat what we said at the outset: If Mr. Charles Reade were not a novelist of repute we should, after reading that letter, be tempted to apply to him some one of the polite epithets which he is continually applying to other people.

SPARKS FROM COLE.—The appended scintillations are from the forge of our Indianapolis correspondent, though they are by no means forgeries:

If a law could be enforced giving to the Indians their just rights, at least one tribe would be thankful for such a statute. You can discern the point if *Ute* try.

Sardou's latest popular effort is entitled to a *Diplomas. See?*

Diet for carpenters: *Pine*-apples.

The report that the commander of the Army of the Rio Grande will be *Ordered* on the retired list lacks confirmation.

Tony Denier carries his own orchestra, and it is presumable he would have *None* other.

The policeman in "Evangeline" has a *Golden* opportunity to *beat* (no reference to free lunches) himself into notoriety.

Hunters are now *quailing* before the furious onslaughts of farmers who have good *grounds* for enforcing the trespass laws.

A firm in a Western city keeps a live fox ensconced in a wired box in front of its place of business—a *sly* way of advertising.

A weighty invention: Edison's electric light; for does it not make *gaslight* stock *heavy?*

The managers of a Michigan fair prohibited the sale of cider on their grounds, but offered premiums for the best wine—an *un-fair* discrimination.

If a vessel should ship its crew at the leading city of southern Ireland, might not the former be appropriately named the *coriscrew?*

At the funeral of a carpenter's wife the officiating clergyman innocently perpetrated a pun by remarking that he hoped the bereaved husband of the deceased would *join 'er* in heaven.

Now is the time to take in your ice-plants and to dig around your cat-arbor grape-vine. It is a good time also for raking up oyster-beds and putting frills on your scallops.

THE CHICKEN that crew so at the close of every election in this city for the past twenty years is waiting for further returns from the outlying counties.

IS IT likely that the vaulting ambition of those grave students of St. Mark will o'erleap itself? Twenty-five thousand dollars is a goodly reward!

THE HOOP-POLE BUSINESS has taken a rise since it was ascertained that a Cooper has been elected Mayor of New York.

THE IDES of November are upon us, and yet the author of "Beautiful Snow" remains an "unknown quantity."

DEATH'S DOINGS.

Weekly Record of the Decease of Prominent Individuals.

COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

ALDRICH, Edward K.—A young lawyer of this city, son of W. F. Aldrich, receiver of the Mutual Savings-bank. He committed suicide by poisoning.—Iowa, Nov. 7, aged 33.

ASCOLEVI, S.—Of the Society of Jesus and College of St. Ignatius, San Francisco, Cal.—Rome, Nov. 8, aged 78.

BROWN, O. Phelps.—Extensively engaged in the manufacture of patent medicines. His laboratory in Jersey City had practices in London, Berlin, Vienna, and elsewhere.—At Quarantine age 54 years.—Supposed to be Alfred E. Burr of *The Hartford* (Ct.) *Press*, and he worked at the case. Albert told he came to this city, and started a literary journal with the title of *The Sharpie City*, with Ned Buntline as a serial writer, and barring offices successively in Ann street, corner of Theatre Alley, and in Spruce street. This paper died slowly, and about 1856 he entered into the patent-medicine business as a curer of consumption, the remedial agent having been furnished him by one whom he advertised extensively as "a retired physician whose sands of life have nearly run out." The prescription could be put up at very little cost, save as to one essential drug, so named that it could not be found in any pharmacopœia, and could be procured nowhere but at the Jersey City office of O. P. Brown, who at the outset resided in Orchard street, this city. The "retired physician" was not wholly a myth, Mr. Brown having employed him having been the author of "The Complete Herbalist."—Saybrook, Ct., Nov. 7, aged 55.

BLAKEY, Robert—An English metaphysician, scholar and author. His books are numerous, and include a number of volumes on sporting topics. He once edited *The Northern Liberator*, and was a contributor to the Encyclopædia Britannica. He was a friend of Southey, Sir Walter Hamilton and other distinguished men.—Newcastle, Eng., Oct. 25, aged 83.

BLISS, Horace.—Formerly a Major in the U. S. Army. He was graduated at West Point in 1822, and was in active service until 1857. He spent five years in the service of the Government of Chili, South America.—Baltimore Md., Nov. 7, aged 76.

BROWN, Milton H.—A member of the Philadelphia bar —that city, Nov. 2, aged 33.

BARTHOLOMEW, Uri—Widely known as a hotel-keeper. He formerly kept the Rutledge House on Broadway, this city. At the time of his death he was proprietor of the Frasier House, Kimura, N. Y.—there, Nov. 5.

BACHE, Henry W.—Of the U. S. Coast Survey. He had been in the service for a number of years, and last Winter was stationed on the Florida coast—Bristol, R. I., Nov. 6, aged 35.

BENSON, Benjamin—Of Harford County, Md. He had passed seventy years of his life on one farm—near Fallston, Md., Nov. 4, aged 96.

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BENSON, Benjamin—Of Harford County, Md. He had passed seventy years of his life on one farm—near Fallston, Md., Nov. 4, aged 96.

BROWN, Elizabeth—A granddaughter of Jacob Felder of Revolutionary fame—Camden County, Ga., Nov. 1, aged 63.

CARMAN, Philip—An old resident of Ulster County, this State. He committed suicide by hanging—Walker Valley, N. Y., Nov. 4, aged 78.

DOWN, Valentine—A Presbyterian minister. He formerly resided in Oneida County, this State, but more recently in Sussex County, Va. He was a poet of no mean order, and a man of superior education—Stony Creek, Va., Nov. 1, aged 63.

DEARBORN, Mrs. Sarah—Of Deerfield, N. H.—there, Nov 7, aged 97.

DECKER, John—An old stage-driver on the Fifth-avenue line, this city. He had been employed for many years, and had been employed on the old Red Bird line of stages in Third avenue. He fell dead while mounting to his box—this city, Nov. 9, aged 63.

DUTCH, Alfred.—Formerly engaged in the woolen business in Salem and Boston, Mass., and afterwards a farmer near Peoria, Ill. In 1846 he removed to Chicago, and there became a journalist, and founded *The Advertiser*, a Whig paper. For the past fourteen years he had been in the Chicago Post-office—Chicago, Ill., Nov. 6, aged 78.

DELAFOSSE, Gabriel—A famous French mineralogist. For more than fifty years he had been a professor in the University of France—Paris, France, Oct. 14, aged 84.

DENYEE, Simon—A veteran of the War of 1812—Bay Ridge, L. I., Nov. 6, aged 88.

EGAN, Margaret.—For fifty years a resident of Detroit, Mich.—there, Nov. 6, aged 102.

FAZY, Jean-Jacques—The eminent Swiss statesman. He was educated in France, and took an active part in the liberal opposition to the restoration of the Bourbons after the fall of the first Napoleon. He published several pamphlets during this period on political economy. He was a disciple of Adam Smith and of J. B. Say, the father of the present French Minister of Finance. He was one of the founders of the *France Chretienne* in 1827, and on its suppression by the government censors started the *Mercure de France au XIme Siecle*, in which he published a series of articles entitled "Lettres d'un Americain." Since that time he has played a prominent part as a writer and politician, both in France and Switzerland—Geneva, Switzerland, Nov. 6, aged 63.

GUEDIN, Jacques—An importer of watches and jewelry, this city. Mr. Guedin was born in Neufchatel, Switzerland, and was the brother-in-law, as well as the life-long friend, of Mr. Lorenzo Delmonico. He came to this country in 1831, and joined the firm of John Mangin & Co., watch importers. At Mr. Mangin's death the firm name was changed to Vere & J. Mangin, Guedin & Co., and it is still in the office of John Snook, architect, while consulting with the latter about the firm's new place of business—this city, Nov. 9, aged 65.

GRAY, Morgan—A commission merchant and one of the original members of the New York Produce Exchange—Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 7, aged 61.

HAVELL, Robert—The original engraver of "Audubon's Birds." Nearly fifty years ago Audubon naturalized the ocean in search of a firm rich and skilful enough to attempt the great task of engraving the results of his life-work. Audubon reached London friendless, penniless and unknown, while his uncouth dress and long hair earned for him the appellation of "The Backwoodsman of America." No one came forward with courage enough to make the 435 plates for his work. In his despair he was about to quit the great city, when he heard of the firm of Havell & Son. To them he went with his portfolios filled with sketches in crayon and water-colors. In many of them Audubon had been obliged to make use of the juice of berries when his paints had given out on his journeys through the Western wilds. Robert Havell was at last persuaded to undertake the engraving of the plates, and spent fourteen years in their completion. These original plates, which were of copper, and weighed several tons, were destroyed by fire in this city a few years ago. Mr. Havell had resided in this country for many years—Tarrytown, N. Y., Nov. 5.

HALLOWELL, Sarah—A respected member of the Society of Friends—Philadelphia, Pa., Nov. 5, aged 88.

HALAKEYAMA, Yohinari—A Japanese educator, president of the Yokio University, and vice-president of the Educational Delegation sent to this country in 1876 to study the American school system—Japan, recently.

HOBBES, Peter—An English clergyman who had collected a library of over 25,000 volumes, many of the books being extremely rare—Plymouth, Eng., Oct. 13.

HAWES, John—One of the oldest and most prosperous

THE RACE for the Great Lancashire Handicap, one mile, took place at Liverpool, Eng., Nov. 8, and was won by Sir Joseph (3yrs., 96lb), Tower and Sword (3yrs., 84lb) second, and Helena (4yrs., 101lb), third. Sir Joseph was the favorite.

AQUATIC.

HARVARD SCRATCH RACES.

Many students and a few others disregarded the unfavorable weather, and assembled on the bank of the Charles River on Saturday, Nov. 9, to witness the Fall scratch races of the H. U. B. C., which were brought off according to programme, despite the roughness of the water. Freshmen six-oared race—No. 1: Torrey (bow), Kent, Hoar, Kane, Chalfant, Bartlett (stroke), 1. No. 3: Warner (bow), Dickon, Eldridge, Townsend, Bowen, Hoyt (stroke), 2. No. 2: Perkins (bow), Dean, Gulteras, Baldwin, Lawrence, Babcock (stroke), 3. The Bartlett crew (next the shore) jumped away quickest, and led a length after a few strokes, but were passed by the outside squad (No. 3) when two-thirds of the way to the stakes. By a superior turn, however, they regained the advantage lost, and were not afterwards deprived of it, though they had to work like beavers to prevent Babcock's six from again passing. Time, 7m. 12s. University sixes—Jacobs' crew: Atkinson (bow), Brandegee, '81; Trimble, '79; Trimble, '80; Smith, '79; Jacobs, '79 (stroke), 1; Peabody's crew: Thomas, '79 (bow); Watson, '80; Hammond, '81; Freeland, '81; Bancroft, L. S.; Peabody, L. S. (stroke), 2. The latter crew led momentarily at starting, and kept well up until the turn was reached, when their opponents went away, and finally won easily. Time, 6m. 50s. Single-sculls—Goddard, '79, walked over, rowing the distance in 6m. 46s. University fours—Jacobs' crew—Atkinson (bow), Brandegee, Trimble, Jacobs (stroke), 1; Bancroft's crew: Hammond (bow), Goddard, Peabody, Bancroft (stroke), 2. This was a close race all the way, and would probably have been won by Bancroft's crew had not the wind and tide shifted their stakeboat. Time, 7m. 30s.

ATALANTA vs. NAUTILUS.

The Atalantas could not wish for a softer thing than that which was theirs in the pair-oared race on the Harlem Nov. 9, between their representatives W. H. Downs and J. E. Eustis (winners at the Watkins test regatta) and Wm. Childs and F. Levien of the Nautilus Club. When Walsh and Levien pulled in the same boat many thought them better than any other amateur pair extant, but whether they were or not the replacing of Walsh by Childs has not improved matters. It was apparent to the not very close observer at the recent Harlem regatta that, foul or no foul, the Atalantas were the superior crew, both as regarded pace and stay, and after the agreement had promptly been made to row again for two gold medals, each worth $25, offered by an enthusiastic admirer of Childs, through another party, those who were cognizant of the powers of both crews were willing to stake odds on the Atalanta pair every time. They rowed two miles with the tide, starting at High Bridge and finishing at the Columbia house, the race not requiring description, as the favorites led at once, kept cutting farther away, and won by over 300 yards, with ridiculous ease, in 14m. 10s. Referee, J. T. Goodwin. Timekeeper, J. M. Pollock.

THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE of the National Association are in correspondence with College and other amateur oarsman in the States with a view to obtain from different bodies a statement of preferences as to size of crews, etc., for the proposed new annual races for the trophies presented by boat clubs in Newark—one to be exclusively for college crews, and the other open to all amateurs, and for which, of course, collegians will be eligible. The committee wish to receive an expression of opinion from all quarters as soon as possible, and may be relied upon to make such arrangements as will give satisfaction all round.

AN ELECTION for officers of the Oxford University B. C. was held in England Oct. 18, at which the following were chosen: President, W. H. Grenfell (Balliol); secretary, W. H. Cross (University); treasurer, Mr. Courtney (New College). A vote of thanks were tendered to T. C. Edwardes-Moss.

NEIL HENRY, stroke of the Lakeman Club crew of Boston, Mass., was one of the successful candidates at the recent election there, and has resigned his seat in the boat. If he makes as good a legislator as he is oarsman, his constituents will not regret their choice.

CINCINNATI, O., OARSMEN are moving in the matter of organizing a rowing association. So far the Ohio River has been sadly neglected by the disciples of the oar, and it is gratifying to perceive signs of waking up among the Buckeyes.

HARVARD seems disposed to give both Cornell and Columbia a race before they (Harvard) take passage for England, and, if so, we presume that upon the result of those contests will depend the taking of the proposed trip.

EDWARDES-MOSS has resigned the presidency of the Oxford University B. C., and will visit the West Indies during the Winter, perhaps be seen in the States in the Spring of 1879.

THE TRIGGER.

CAPT. BOGARDUS called at THE CLIPPER Office on Nov. 11, and requested us to state, in answer to unfounded assertions made by Dr. Carver, that he (Bogardus) did not resign the championship of America because he wished to avoid a meeting with anyone, and if Carver or anybody else will pluck up courage enough to contend against him, the captain will at once make a match for from $1,000 to $5,000 a side, and be glad of the opportunity.

A LONG-RANGE COMPETITION was participated in by six marksmen at Walnut-hill Range, near Boston, Mass., Nov. 7, each man shooting fifteen shots at 800, 900 and 1,000 yards, with the following scores: W. H. Jackson, 213; J. S. Sumner, 213; W. Gerrish, 211; L. Saunders, 204; W. M. Ward, 201; T. Sias, 198.

A PIGEON MATCH was shot between members of the Long Island and Nassau Gun Clubs at Dexter Park, L. I., Nov. 7. There were five men on each side, who shot at fifteen birds apiece, five traps, 30 yards, 80 yards fall, the Long Island Club winning by a score of 46 to 30.

CAPT. BOGARDUS introduces his difficult act of shooting at glass balls thrown from five traps in different directions at Harry Miner's Theatre, this city, this week. Next week he will be at the Howard Athenæum, Boston.

MATCH TEAM SHOOT.—Chosen teams of ten men from the Monmouth and Seaside Clubs, the latter composed of gentlemen residing in New York, shot a return pigeon match, ten birds apiece. 25 yards rise, 80 yards fall, 1½oz. shot at Long Branch, N. J., on Saturday afternoon, Nov. 9. The home team won by the following score: Monmouth—W. Howard Pall, 9; Dr. Conover (9), Chas. Ogden (8), Ralph (7), Wm. Curtis (7), Martin (5), E. Price (5), H. Houston (5), L. Bostwick (4); total, 69. Seaside—R. B. Angel (10), A. D. Yates (10), E. Ellis (8), C. T. Putney (7), Clark (6), W. Cleghouse (6), C. Martinez (6), G. Williams (5), F. Hastings (5), Daniel Woods (4); total, 67. The Monmouth Club badge was then shot for, members firing at ten birds each, 21 yards rise, 80 yards fall, E. and T. rises. Long Island Club rules, with this result: E. Green, 9; Wm. Houston, 8; C. Ogden, 7; Hendricks, 7; Ralph, 7; Conover, 7; G. Price, 5; W. Houston, 5. Sweepstake shooting was afterwards indulged in.

RIFLE-SHOOTING IN VIRGINIA.—The Deutsche Schentzer Gesellshoft held their annual king-shooting Thursday, Nov. 7, at the James river Brewery, Richmond, Va. The club is composed of the best shots in the State, and a valuable badge was offered and a king to be crowned, unusual interest was shown. The rifles used were the Sharp, Ballard, Stevens and Remington. The close proximity of the range to the city gave the marksmen a high way to contend against. After some fine shooting done by the members, it became a tie between Wm. Eurker (shooting-master) and Charles P. Stokes (vice president), which resulted in necessitating for Stokes to secure a 20 ring to win, which he did by gaining 24, winning the medal and match, and being crowned king by a score of 106 in a possible 125 (25-ring target), distance 200 feet. After the shooting and coronation, the members and invited guests partook of a sumptuous banquet prepared by Frank Sherry, keeper of the park.

THE DECIDING TEAM SHOOT of the series of three between the Howard University and Medford Rifle Association took place at Medford Mass., Nov. 7, Medford winning by a score of 244 to 240, at 200 yards.

THE RETURN MATCH between the Walpole and Attleboro Associati on rifle teams, 8 men each and 10 yards, men each, was shot at Walpole Nov. 9, the Walpoles winning by a score of 954 to 905.

IXANDER CAMPBELL defeated Wm. Desbrow in a glass-ball match for $50 a side, 50 balls each, 18 yards rise, at Long Branch, N. J., Nov. 9. Score, 35 to 30.

THE RING.

PRESENTATION TO MAYNARD.—We find the following in *The Alta Californian* of a recent date: "Harry Maynard, the well-known light-weight pugilist, was presented last week with several testimonials of the regard felt for him by his friends here and in Australia. Chief in value is a set of silver, consisting of a pitcher and goblets, from John Galbraith of Australia. Next is a gold medal, presented by Charles Bannerman and friends of the Australian Cricket Team, who knew Maynard in the Antipodes. The last, and one which he appreciates highly, is presented by his pupils and friends of San Francisco. Each of the presents bears a suitable inscription, testifying to the gentlemanly manner in which Mr. Maynard has conducted himself in his profession, both at home and in this country."

ORVILLE ALIAS "AWFUL" GARDNER and his wife are now inmates of the Home for the Aged and Infirm in this city, having been admitted at the special request of Samuel Halsted. Mrs. Cilly, the Matron of the Home, says that Gardner is so imbecile that he was utterly unable to care for himself. Mrs. Gardner is afflicted with fits to such an extent that she cannot assist even in the light household duties usually performed by females. Gardner's trouble is softening of the brain, and both he and his wife are fully deserving of the care they receive.

MIKE DONOVAN.—The long engagement of Mike Donovan and Harry Maynard at the Bella Union Theatre, San Francisco, Cal., closed Nov. 3. Our correspondent writes: "Prior to his departure for a trip through the interior, a few friends of Mike Donovan will present him with a very elegant and costly silver belt, ornamented with gold clasps. The presentation will take place at the Lick House Nov. 4."

JIM FRAWLEY wishes to state that he is not anxious to spar McClellan at an exhibition where both are volunteers, but he wants to fight him for money, either with small gloves or on turf, and in every way in accordance with the regulation rules of the P. R. If McClellan will cover the $100 he has on deposit, Frawley will oblige him with a match for $500 a side, or will agree to any terms. Failing this, any of the light-weights can get on at catch weight, or any 132lb man will be accommodated. If one or other of these offers is not accepted within a week, Frawley says he will withdraw his money and "claim the championship at 132lb."

DEAN WILSON, well and favorably known as a boxer and sporting-man generally, was tendered a complimentary benefit at the Rink, Buffalo, N. Y., Nov. 2, and the affair was a grand success, financially and otherwise. Some 700 persons were present, and the programme included a bench show of dogs—nearly forty fine specimens being exhibited—boxing by Bannister and Orr (the latter displaying unusual skill for an amateur), Fox and Williams (colored), Hill and Jackson (colored), Charley Wilson and Gus Kane, and collar-and-elbow wrestling by Morrissey and Hardy.

PAT RYAN of Philadelphia, well known among sporting men, was shot and almost instantly killed on election day by Officer Selby, who, it is claimed, he assaulted while in the discharge of his duty. The policeman was arrested, and a hearing of the case is to be had to-day, Nov. 12. Ryan was well known in pugilistic circles as a trainer and second, and about a year ago was proprietor of the handball court at 913 Carpenter street, Philadelphia.

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CIRCUSES.

MYERS' AMERICAN CIRCUS, which was so great an attraction of the Crystal Palace (London) Summer season a couple of years ago, has returned to its old quarters, giving its first performance this season Oct. 29. The circus boasts a stud of 150 horses, besides elephants, camels and other animals.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HENRY M. STANLEY lectured at St. James' Hall, London, Oct. 23 on "African Exploration."

THE CAPTIVE BALLOON, one of the sensations of Paris during the Exposition, has been purchased by Mr. Gooch, lessee of the Princess' Theatre, London, who proposes to exhibit it in the British metropolis during the Winter and next year, making ascents daily.

AMUSEMENTS.

BOWERY THEATRE.
FERDINAND W. HOFELE.....Manager
Second week of the renowned artist
MISS ROSE EYTINGE,
supported by MR. CYRIL SEARLE, in the new version of
OLIVER TWIST.
First time in ten years of O. S. Fox's Pantomime
THE SCHOOLMASTER.
ROSE EYTINGE
MATINEE SATURDAY. 34-1t*

FOLLY THEATRE.
This little TEMPLE WILL POSITIVELY OPEN
THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1878.
Wanted—BALLET LADIES, dancing and regular. Long season. Apply TURN HALLE,
Fourth street, daily, at 12 o'clock, to MONS. ZAVITOWSKI.
34-1t MME. NINON DUCLOS.

GRAND OPERA-HOUSE.
POOLE & DONNELLY.....Lessees and Managers
Reserved Seats (Orchestra Circle and Balcony), 50c.
SECOND WEEK AND UNPARALLELED SUCCESS OF
Mr. J. C. WILLIAMSON and Miss MAGGIE MOORE,
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in their inimitably entertaining successes,
STRUCK OIL and THE CHINESE QUESTION.
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STANDARD THEATRE,
BROADWAY AND THIRTY-THIRD STREET.
WM. HENDERSON.....Proprietor and Manager
A POSITIVE SUCCESS
of the new drama from the French, entitled
ALMOST A LIFE.
NEW SCENERY. NEW DRESSES.
EVERY EVENING AND SATURDAY MATINEE.
MAUD GRANGER and the entire company in the cast.
POPULAR PRICES 25, 50, 75, $1. 34-1t

JERSEY CITY VARIETIES,
344 GROVE STREET.
HAMILTON & KERRIGAN.....Proprietors
GOOD SPECIALTY PEOPLE WANTED AT ALL TIMES.
C. R. DOCKSTADER.
34 1t* Business and Stage Manager.

COURT-SQUARE THEATRE,
BROOKLYN.
Manager.....HARRY LINDLEY
THIS WEEK, FRANK DOW.
Stars can apply for open dates to Metropolitan Agency, 317 Bowery, N. Y. 34-1t*

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SALLIE BERNARD, a clever child-actress, died at Scarborough, Eng., Oct. 21, aged 12.

MISS JENNIE WORRELL has been engaged to personate Jack in the forthcoming pantomime, "The House that Jack Built," at the Surrey Theatre, London.

"A WINTER'S TALE" and "Macbeth" were being played on alternate nights at Drury-lane Theatre, London.

MESSRS. ALBERY AND HATTON have furnished a new play to the Princess' Theatre, London.

HENRY IRVING offers to contribute the proceeds of a performance in Glasgow, Edinburgh or London to any fund that may be opened for the relief of the poorer of the shareholders who have suffered by the bank calamity.

"THE OUTPOST," the sensational play in which Joseph Jefferson and Clarence Holt originally appeared over there, has been substituted for "The Harricade" at the Royalty Theatre, London, with Miss May Holt as Zoe, Clarence Holt as Wah-no-tee, and Mr. Glenny as Salem Scudder.

MUSICAL.

MADAME PATTI and Signor Nicolini were engaged to give six performances at the La Monnaie Theatre, Brussels, Belgium, between Oct. 31 and Nov. 16. The prices had been increased to four times the usual rate for those nights.

JOHN ALLEN JR., musical director at the Alhambra, Hull, Eng., died Oct. 18, aged 24.

THE PARIS EXHIBITION fetes commenced on Sunday, Oct. 20, with free performances at seven of the largest theatres. With the hope of witnessing performances announced for noon, people actually assembled near the doors as early as ten o'clock on the previous night. Near the Opera groups remained in the wine-shops until the closing hour, and then hung about the neighborhood intent on getting near the head of the *queue*, some of the earliest arrivals driving a good bargain by selling their places. There was, of course, says a corre

THE PORTRAIT.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

'Twas ages ago and over the water,
Love most forlorn of hope befell—
A painter painted a prince's daughter,
All the world wonders yet how well.

Fair is the morn, but fairer the maiden,
The queenly maiden who smiled on him
As, toiling away, with grief overladen,
His brain grew weary, his eye grew dim.

Oh, why was he born a painter lowly,
Oh, why was she born of a kingly line?
Is love less real, is love less holy,
When it dares to kneel at a royal shrine?

By day and night this one thought filled him,
He saw not the canvas, but only the face—
The beautiful, beautiful face that thrilled him,
Now by its passion, and now by its grace.

And ever he worked with zeal undiminished,
Hiding his secret with iron will.
Till, ages ago, the portrait was finished,
And the painter's hand forever was still.

But he breathes in his work; those rich lips borrow
His heart's best blood preserved with skill;
And in those dark eyes' haunting sorrow
The soul that loved them is living still!

DRIFTING TO DOOM;

OR,

A MAZY MARRIAGE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BY WM. R. EYSTER,

Author of "King Dick, A Tale of New Orleans and St. Louis," "Branded and Mad," "Wild Nat's Brigade," "Janthe," "The Free Trapper's Pass," "Through War and Fire," "The Haunted Hunter," etc.

ENTERED IN THE OFFICE OF THE LIBRARIAN OF CONGRESS, AT WASHINGTON, D. C., BY FRANK QUEEN, IN THE YEAR 1878.

PROLOGUE.

TURNING TIME BACKWARDS.

Captain John Alden was a widower, about fifty years of age, with a stout, goodly figure, hair a little flecked with gray, and a keen, piercing eye. He had followed the sea, boy and man, for thirty-five years, and looked very much as though he might, no unforeseen fate preventing, pursue his calling for as many years more. This pleasant morning, coming like a touch of Spring in the midst of Winter, he was seated at breakfast with his housekeeper and daughter, in the snug little cottage which he made his headquarters when he made anything like a lengthy stay on shore.

The housekeeper was a middle-aged widowlady, fair, plump, and of no particular importance outside of the domestic duties, which she performed with conscientious exactness.

Annie Alden, the daughter, was tall, lithe in form, with flowing, golden hair, clear-cut features, a mouth sweet and small, yet withal firm, a regal neck and superb carriage. She had graduated from a fashionable boarding-school a few months before our story opens, and since that time had managed to learn a great deal about the world and life therein, despite the desires of Captain Alden, who, unfortunately for the success of his plans for her future guidance, was absent at the time. Returning at length to spend several weeks at his home, he viewed the girl who met him with every mark of genuine affection in a manner that was at once dubious and full of apprehension. The schoolgirl had blossomed into a beautiful young woman.

Seeing this, the question how long he could keep her to himself naturally arose; and the longer he considered it, the more unpleasant seemed the probable answer. This morning he sat glowering [illegible] ing the table at Annie, who had entered the room fresh and smiling, and, after an affectionate greeting, had unconcernedly taken her seat, in serene unconsciousness of the storm that was brewing. The conversation which she attempted to inaugurate proved a dismal failure; Captain Alden confined himself to monosyllables, and the housekeeper, as usual, smiled and said nothing.

"Come, papa," said Annie, after an obstinate but futile effort to draw him into conversation. "I see you have something on your mind, and you won't be happy until you relieve yourself of it. Let us have it at once, and then you will be dear, old, reasonable John again. What is it? Does not my dress please your royal highness, or do you find that the expense of keeping one poor little girl is dilapidating your private fortune?"

Annie's tone was playful, her looks and gestures were natural, but she was simulating an ease she did not really feel. John Alden had a temper notoriously passionate, and from the surface-symptoms she rather feared that, for some to her unknown reason, it was about to be aroused.

He looked at her grimly.

"What is it? Pretty question to ask. Better say what it is not. Delightful way you have of entertaining your father—one night the house full of company, the next you are off with belles and beaux as great simpletons as yourself. Have had one quiet, old-fashioned evening since I have been here. No, I'm not afraid my private fortune will be dilapidated, so much as I am that some fine scoundrel will walk away with it bodily, and relieve me of my daughter at the same time."

"What a foolish papa it is," answered Annie lightly. "You came unexpectedly, as you know, on Monday, and to-day is Thursday. We had all our arrangements made beforehand, and of course I never thought you would want me to alter them. There is a whole week or more before us, and I assure you that in that time you will see as much of me as even such a jealous old bear as yourself could desire."

"To-night, for instance. We can have a quiet game of chess, can we, before getting to bed at a reasonable hour?"

"Why, of course we can; half a dozen of 'em."

"And it won't interfere with any of your engagements,' will it? The truth, now, by all means."

"Well—n-not specially. Mr. Williams and myself had ——"

"Who?"

Captain Alden dropped his knife, looked up sharply and uttered his question in an explosive way that made the housekeeper start. Even Annie, with all her delicious *sang froid*, was a little surprised.

"Mr. Williams—Mr. Caleb Williams of New York. A very estimable young man, I assure you, who has given up medicine for money, and is in business upon Wall street."

Captain Alden seemed upon the point of saying something dreadful. He looked around the table once or twice with the gleam in his eyes that would rise there were he facing a party of mutinous seamen. He pushed back his chair, opened his mouth, and then closed it again. For a moment or two he was silent and thoughtful.

"That settles it," said he at length.

"Settles what, papa?"

"I was thinking it over yesterday, and now I have decided. You must go back to school."

"To school! Why, what a notion! My education was finished last Fall. Besides, I'm too large for a schoolgirl. How I have offended you I cannot see; but I'll beg pardon now, and promise to do better if you will only suggest in what direction I can amend."

"Big or little, it makes no difference. If you were as large as a meeting-house, I could find a school to take you in, if I paid for it. I am going to put you somewhere where I can find you when I want you. Good Heavens, do you think I would allow any man of the name of Williams to gallant my daughter around when I am here, much less in my absence?"

Captain Alden's manner grew more excited. Annie looked at him in wonder, yet her own temper rising the meanwhile.

"Pray what crime has Caleb Williams committed that you evince so violent a hatred for him and his name?"

"I know nothing about your Caleb Williams—I hate him and his name by instinct. Judging from the name, I know the stock he sprang from; and they are rank bad. His grandfather robbed our family of a fortune four times as great as that which I have labored years to amass. The young scoundrel is no doubt rioting around on the very money that should be ours. I won't have him; you shan't have him. Give him up at once, and forever."

"Pardon me if I suggest that he is not mine, either to keep or to cast aside. He is a very pleasant young gentleman, however, and I certainly do not see that I am called upon to cut him out of my list of acquaintances on account of a silly prejudice, or an impracticable story about somebody's grandfather."

A little red spot showed itself on either cheek of the young girl as she spoke. She pushed back her chair also, and sat with her hands folded in her lap, gazing straight into the Captain's face. The smile that wreathed her lips might have provoked a greater saint than John Alden. Springing to his feet, he exclaimed hotly:

"Yes, but you shall! I would sooner see you in the almshouse—yes, dead—than aught to any man who bears the name of Caleb Williams. It is the only, the last, thing I have to tell you. Give him up, under peril of my lasting displeasure."

Annie arose also. She did not lose the control of her voice, though she felt herself flaming with suppressed anger.

"Allow me to observe that you are losing your temper most abominably, besides being the least bit ridiculous. Mr. Williams would probably be highly gratified if he heard of this discussion; but, for myself, I am heartily ashamed of your suspicions and my own unworthiness in listening to them. As you are in not the most agreeable of moods, I shall leave you under Mrs. Mear's amiable influences, and see if time will not bring you a happier frame of mind."

As Annie finished she made a graceful curtsey and swept out of the room, leaving Captain Alden white with the wrath which he barely succeeded in choking down. And he was as good as his word. *Nolens volens*, Annie was bidden to prepare for school; and when the Captain left for sea once more, he had the satisfaction of knowing that she was resignedly making the best of her bad fate, a resident-pupil in a seminary for young ladies located near Boston.

CHAPTER I.—SAVED.

Spring came at last, bearing on its first breezes an indescribable suggestiveness of birds and trees and beautiful flowers, and—love. Spring, with the soft, dreaming air; Spring, with the hazy sky; Spring, with the moist zephyrs and balmy air, leaping, this year of grace 186-, so lightly from the lap of Winter—all hail, beautiful Spring!

It was not far from sundown, and the streets of Boston were thronged. Through the devious windings of her crowded ways there poured in an unceasing stream, crowds of horsemen and pedestrians, and riders in almost every conceivable kind of vehicle, all enjoying to their full the delicious warmth of the unexpectedly fine evening.

Seated at an upper window of the Tremont House were two men, chatting together in a low tone, and only now and then casting a casual glance at the panoramic scene which lay stretched along on either side below them. The name of the one was Caleb Williams, of the other Scott Boyd. Both were young and handsome men; and each in his own way had achieved some distinction in the world, or at least that part of it with which they had severally happened to come in contact.

Caleb Williams, or Doctor Williams as he was usually called, had inherited some wealth, to which he added largely by speculating and courage, had leaped past her, and, seizing the horrified girl with one hand, at the very moment caught by the bridle the nearest horse of the frightened team. There followed then a struggle, short, sharp and decisive. He was lifted from his feet at the first collision, but with his right hand he clung desperately to the bridle-reins, whilst his left arm never relaxed its support of Annie.

Thus encumbered, the petrified lookers-on doubted not for a moment but that the end of the struggle would be disastrous to both man and woman. At least so Florence felt, as, having drawn hastily back to the sidewalk, she watched with bated breath the man so heavily handicapped in his fight for life.

But the man seemed not to lose for a moment his courage and self-possession, and with the utmost skill he used his magnificent strength. Though tossed, dragged, and violently shaken, whenever he touched the ground it was upon his feet.

Gradually the struggles of the frantic horses grew less vicious, and when, at length, more than half mastered, they were seized by half a dozen helping hands, the young stranger released his hold and lightly bore the form of Annie Alden back from the street.

Annie returned slowly to consciousness. After some minutes she opened her eyes and met the gaze of her preserver fixed fully upon her with an interested and troubled look. The stranger was a very young man of prepossessing appearance, though coarsely clad. When he said that the young lady was recovering her senses he waved aside the crowd around, which by this time had become large and enthusiastic, and stood before her in an attentive but respectful attitude.

A word and a look satisfied Annie as to what had happened, the color came back to her face, she arose, and in almost her first breath murmured her thanks to the man who was so young as almost to be a boy, making allowance for the difference in sex, and it was doubtful which was the older of the two.

"My name," said he, in response to that part of the thanks which was a query, "is Charles Taylor. I have only done easily what it was my duty to do. If you have any further commands, I am, for the present, at your service."

"Of course I can have no commands," responded Annie in a low tone. "With me it is all thanks; yet I have one further favor: say nothing of this occasion; forget it, blot it out; do not ask me my name, say as little as you may to others in regard to it. Had I not been where I had no business to be, it would not have happened."

"Your wish shall be my law," answered Taylor gracefully. "So far as it lies with me, your adventure will not be spoken of, and I will retire."

As he spoke, Taylor bowed low, turned to leave, and at the same time Dr. Williams came breathless to the side of Annie Alden.

TO BE CONTINUED.

WELL-DRILLED SERVANTS.—After the peace of 1815 the Duke of Wellington took into his London household several of the veterans of his Peninsular army, whose habits, being more in accordance with the battlefields of Spain than the saloons of Apsley House, were a source of unfailing amusement to the great general's fashionable visitors. One battered old fellow with one eye, who had figured conspicuously at Orthes and Toulouse, was installed in the gardening department, the Duke answering all doubts of his fitness by saying decisively: "Well, he's dug trenches in every vineyard of the south of France; I should hope he ought to know something of gardening after that." Another veteran, who had been wounded at Waterloo, was under discussion one evening at dinner between the Duke and Lord Anglesea, when the subject of the discourse entered with the measured step of the parade-ground, carrying a huge pie. "Now," said Anglesea, "let us try if the old boy remembers his facings," and, turning suddenly round, he cried sharply: "Attention!" The old soldier instinctively dropped his hands, and with them the pie likewise, which exploded like a bomb-shell over the rich carpet in a shower of steaming gravy. The poor fellow's look of dismay at this catastrophe drew a smile from the Iron Duke himself; but the jester hastend to console his victim with the assurance that no English soldier could be blamed for knowing his drill.

IN LIVERPOOL, many of the street letter-boxes now have a door, which shuts with a spring and at the same time moves a plate showing the hour of the last clearence. The public can thus ascertain whether letters have been taken out for a particular mail, and the post-office has a check upon its men.

SINCE 1865 the Shipwrecked Mariners' Society of Germany has saved 1,108 lives.

TO THE MOON.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY T. M. DE HYLTON, M.D.

O silv'ry Moon! to thee I lift mine eye
In abject wonderment, and think
Why, whilst thou rid'st in the endless sky,
I blindly tread a transitory brink?

My wond'ring gaze from thee oft trembling turns
To glance around at ev'ry glitt'ring star
That guards thy path, like satellites, and burns
To brightly light thy ethereal car.

I see thee move upon thy star-fringed course,
Like some proud queen who idly sways along
In jeweled skirts, with calm, majestic force,
Before the gaze of an admiring throng.

And as I scan thy train from zone to zone,
Across the welkin of vast magnitude,
My fancy steals a peep at that bright throne
Beyond the baldrick of life's solitude.

There I behold Omnipotence with awe,
And stand appalled with admiration wild,
For then I roam Infinitude afar,
And feel bewildered as a straying child.

Soon I am lost in the immensity
Of glorious grandeur that doth control
Worlds of impenetrable mystery
With one vast beam of love from pole to pole.

And as I grope my labyrinthic way
Back to my mortal reason's breathing sham,
My quaking soul acknowledges thy sway,
And truly sees how pitiful I am.

CIRCUMSTANCE.

A NARRATIVE OF FACTS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY NICHOLAS NILES.

NOTE.—It may be well to explain that this narrative of facts is precisely what it purports to be—truth. The incident of the story is contained in the legal records of famous criminal cases, and may there be found by the curious. In constructing the present sketch the writer has drawn liberally from various sources, and deems it only proper that he should say so.

I.

Thursday, the 26th of September, 1775.

John Van Vlecken, landlord of the Old Road Inn, sat smoking his long-stemmed pipe before a blazing fire, for the Autumn air was already nipping. Five or six men were gathered about the big, open chimney-place, drinking ale from pewter-mugs. They were solid men, like the mugs; men with plenty of body, like the ale; and all of them, except one, past middle-age.

There are no bar-rooms nowadays like that of the Old Road Inn. A large room, lighted by four windows, and yet not lighted so much as to drive out the fantastic shadows hovering upon floor and ceiling. Rafters overhead, blackened by smoke and time. Iron hooks to hold hams and shoulders, and now and then a quarter of fresh beef. Dust-covered arms—an old flint-lock gun, two rusty sabres and a brace of pistols—over the chimney-place. Rough wooden chairs, a table with massive legs, and a kind of sideboard, on which rested polished pewter plates. Over all this, a subdued light flickering amid the shadows; an appetizing odor of bacon mingling with that of ale, the cheerful crackle of the logs on the fireplace, an atmosphere of hospitality enveloping everything, and John Van Vlecken's round, jovial face beaming radiantly through clouds of fragrant smoke. No, there are no such bar-rooms now. Were there, the poetry of drinking would make it grand. Ale would be æsthetic.

The one man in the party who was not fat nor middle-aged was Harry Kirk. In all the region round about Schenectady there was no young fellow better known or better liked than he. Not even Abel Tomlinson, who on this October afternoon found it convenient to join the company at the Old Road Inn, could pick a quarrel with Harry. That is what people said, and what Harry believed. But Abel Tomlinson was a man who had succeeded in quarreling with pretty nearly everybody he knew, and he had not despaired of young Kirk. He was a mean, narrow-minded, small-souled man, who found his only pleasure in traducing others.

"Young Harry, here," he said with a chuckle, "has been a-talking about me to neighbors—trying to injure me, you know."

"Nonsense," answered Harry in his straightforward, manly way. "I never spoke evil of you in my life, Tomlinson."

Abel chuckled again.

"It is as I say, friends," he continued. "Young Harry has been telling hard things about me; but no matter. Maybe, if I wanted to, I could tell something about him—him and Katie Sawyer—if I wanted to, mind!"

Young Kirk, whose face up to this point had been lighted by its accustomed good-natured smile, now sprang to his feet with flashing eyes.

"What do you mean?" he shouted, seizing Tomlinson by the shoulder. "Speak out, you miserable, white-livered coward! How dare you mention the name of a pure and noble girl in such a way as that? Speak out, I tell you, or 'twill be the worse for you."

Tomlinson kept up his chuckle, although he was plainly frightened.

"You see, friends, you see what sort of a man this young Harry is—a bully and a ruffian. After telling stories about me, he flies into a passion just because I said I knew something about him and Katie Saw——"

Before he could finish the name Harry Kirk had dealt him a stunning blow, which knocked him over and sent him rolling half-way across the room. Tomlinson picked himself up, and, shaking his fist at the young man, cried:

"You'll pay dearly for this, Harry Kirk!"

Then he darted from the room. Harry started in pursuit, but the others held him back.

"Let him go," they said. "You have punished him enough. And, besides, who cares for what old Tomlinson says? We all know what he is."

"But he has defamed the purest girl that ever lived—the girl that is to be my wife!" exclaimed Harry, still trying to free himself from the grasp of his friends. "I could stand anything but that. He shall pay for this, if it costs me my life!"

They calmed him down at last, so that he promised not to follow Tomlinson. But he would not say that the quarrel would end there. He paced up and down the room for some minutes, and once, stepping in front of the table, he seized a large knife and drove it into the wood. They who thought nothing of this at the time remembered afterwards that he ground his teeth at the moment when he drove the knife into the table.

It was five minutes past four when Abel Tomlinson left the Old Road Inn. At fifteen minutes past four Harry Kirk also left. The sound of his horse's hoofs was heard on the road leadine to Schenectady—the road which Abel Tomlinson had taken.

II.

Sweet Katie Sawyer stood in the twilight of the Autumn day, leaning one arm upon the gate-post which guarded the entrance to her father's grounds. Her eyes were turned up the road with that wistful expression indicative of the happy expectation. The valley of the Mohawk boasted few fairer maidens than she. Her face blended rare material beauty with ideal grace. Back from her smooth white brow, coils of nut-brown hair were brushed, displaying with classic simplicity the shapely head. Her eyes were honest blue, large and liquid and soulful. The straight nose, red lips and perfect chin were all in keeping. When she smiled, you saw small, white teeth; when she laughed, you heard a ripple of silvery sound that lingered long after in your ears. As she stood, this Autumn afternoon, leaning against the gate-post, she displayed one arm bare to the elbow—a round, white arm, without which no woman is wholly beautiful. Moreover, her neckerchief was low enough to give a distracting glimpse of her full, white bosom, while the steel-gray skirt of her dress revealed beneath the daintiest of feet, encased in silk stockings and low slippers with polished buckles. Every curve of her figure was full of grace. She was spiritually fair, and still voluptuously womanly.

The Autumn twilight deepened. Katie took a last look up the road, and then, with a pretty pout of disappointment, turned and walked towards the house. She had mounted the steps when the sound of approaching hoofs caused the color to deepen on her cheek. It was too dark now to distinguish the horseman who drew up at the gate, dust-covered and breathless. The girl went back to meet him.

"Why, Joe, is it you?"

Joseph Schuyler dismounted. There was something in his manner that excited Katie's suspicion. He was Harry's bosom friend. Why had he come in place of Harry, who was expected? Why had he driven so fast that his horse's flanks were steaming?

"Where is Harry?" asked the girl suddenly.

"That is why I came. He wanted me to. And of course I ——"

"Has anything happened to him?" demanded Katie, her lip beginning to quiver.

"Yes, something has happened," answered Joe.

"Is he hurt—is he ill?"

"No, he is not hurt. He's as well as ever."

"Thank God for that!" murmured Katie, pressing her hands to her bosom. "But what is it? Speak out, Joe, for I can bear anything as long as he is safe."

"He is under arrest," said Joe, speaking very gravely.

"Is that all?" exclaimed the girl, with a sigh of relief.

"He is under arrest, charged with a very serious crime," continued Joseph.

"Crime!" repeated Katie. "Harry would commit no crime. It is some conspiracy against him."

"I hope so," said Joseph simply. "But they were forced to arrest him. He quarreled at the Old Road Inn this afternoon with Abel Tomlinson, and Abel has just been found murdered in the Kilburn Woods."

"And do they say that Harry Kirk murdered him?" demanded Katie.

"That is the charge against him."

"It is a lie—a wicked lie!" rejoined the girl. Then, with heaving bosom and flashing eyes, she drew herself up grandly and added: "I will never belive him guilty—never. He can prove his innocence, and he will!"

"God grant that he may!" said Joseph Schuyler.

And then silence fell upon these two—the sweetheart and the friend of Harry Kirk.

III.

Not many minutes afer Harry Kirk left the Old Road Inn, Jacob Brett and Cyrus Jepson, two of the respectable farmers who had formed part of the company in the bar-room, drained their mugs of ale, mounted their good horses, and set forth for their homes. They took the same road which Tomlinson and Harry Kirk had taken. Travelling along at a brisk trot, they reached the entrance to Kilburn's Woods, two miles from the Inn, at fifteen minutes before five. The time was afterwards definitely fixed, because Jacob Brett had looked at his watch just as they entered the wood. It was a secluded spot, where the road grew narrow and at points was little better than a bridle-path.

When the two farmers had proceeded a hundred feet or more into the woods, Jacob Brett, who was riding ahead, suddenly reined in his horse. At the same instant both men heard distinctly the cry:

"Help! Help!"

Then they dashed forward in the direction from which the sound came. As they approached a turn in the road, the same voice cried aloud:

"Mercy, Harry! Have mercy!"

Rounding the turn, the farmers came upon a clearing behind a clump of dense evergreens, and there, bending over a man's prostrate form, was Harry Kirk. At the very instant when Jacob Brett came in sight, young Harry was drawing a knife out of the breast of his victim. It was Abel Tomlinson.

When Brett and Jepson had dismounted, they found Tomlinson dead. Harry still stood with the blood-stained knife in his hand, looking down upon the body.

"O Harry, Harry! how could you have done this?" exclaimed Jacob Brett, gazing at the young man with a face full of compassion.

"I?" answered Harry. "Great Heavens! you do not think that I killed him?"

"What can we think?" said Jacob sadly. "I saw you plunge that knife into his breast with my own eyes!"

"As God is my witness, I did not kill him. Listen to me, both of you. For God's sake, listen! I came to this spot but a minute before you. I was riding through the woods, and heard a voice cry out for help. I turned in here, and found Tomlinson as you see him, dead. This knife was sticking in his breast. I took hold of it and drew it out. That is the truth, before Heaven!"

Brett and Jepson looked at each other and shook their heads ominously.

"My heart bleeds for you, Harry," said old Jacob. "I would never have believed it but for my own eyes. Alas! what a terrible ending to the quarrel of this afternoon!"

"But I tell you," cried the young man fiercely, "I am as innocent of this crime as you are!"

"May God give you power to prove your words!" rejoined Jacob reverently. "For me, I am a magistrate, as you know, and I must do my duty."

"Will you arrest me?" asked Harry bitterly.

"There is nothing else for me to do!"

"We must believe our own senses," interrupted Jepson. "We heard the murdered man cry: 'Mercy! have mercy, Harry!' Those were his words."

"I heard them, too," rejoined Harry. "He called my name, but not my full name. He did not say Harry Kirk. There are hundreds of Harrys in the colony. Jacob—Cyrus—I tell you again, as God is my witness, I am innocent!"

The two farmers shook their heads gravely.

"If you are not the murderer, who is?" asked Jacob.

"Heaven only knows!" answered Harry.

Then they searched the ground diligently for a clue, but found nothing except a footprint which fitted Harry's boot exactly. There were evidences of a desperate struggle, but no trace of any third person.

At last, mounting their horses, the three men drove away, Harry Kirk between the other two as a prisoner. They left the body where it had been found. On the road they met Joseph Schuyler, who was hurriedly made acquainted with the facts, and delegated by Harry to break the news to Katie. Then, in the gathering gloom of the Autumn twilight, they rode on, speaking never a word, until they came to the magistrate's house. There Harry Kirk was formally committed on the charge of murder.

IV.

When the day fixed for the trial came, the little court-house was crowded to its utmost capacity. From far and near people flocked to witness the uneven contest of a man fighting against Circumstance—fighting with life for a stake.

Nearly all of those who filled the seats of the trial-room were acquainted with the prisoner. Many of them had been his friends, and, while they could not in reason believe him other than guilty, their heartfelt sympathies went out toward him in this terrible hour. Abel Tomlinson had been despised as widely as Harry Kirk was beloved; so that it was not strange that people found palliating circumstances in the murder. A lingering sense of the injustice of sacrificing such a life as Harry's for that of Tomlinson's could not be repressed; and then, too, the prisoner persisted in his protestations of innocence. Of all things, this seemed the most puzzling. A brave, frank fellow like young Kirk, his neighbors reasoned, would be the very one to confess his crime and face the consequences like a man. Old Jacob Brett, who was to be the chief witness for the prosecution, had visited Harry in his cell daily, beseeching him to speak out the truth; but the young man had always made the same answer, and that was:

"I am innocent!"

There was another who had also gone daily to the prison, and that was Katie Sawyer. She at least believed in her lover's innocence, and she sought to cheer and comfort him with the sunshine of her own presence. When the day of the trial at last dawned, she took her seat in the court-room, close to the prisoner's dock. Nothing could dissuade her from this course, albeit her friends had protested against it, and even Harry himself had besought her not to attend.

"I can bear it better," she had said, "whatever the result, if I am by your side!"

The trial was terribly brief. The prosecuting attorney opened the case with a clear, concise statement of the facts, which in themselves seemed to carry conviction without the testimony of witnesses. He would prove, he said, that on the day of the murder the prisoner and Tomlinson had been together at a tavern not far from Schenectady; that a quarrel had arisen between them, and blows had passed; that the prisoner had knocked Tomlinson to the floor; that Tomlinson had fled, and that the prisoner had only been detained from following him by force, and had then called all present to witness that he would be revenged on that man for the wrong done him, if it cost him his life; that he had finally been released by those who held him on a promising not to follow Tomlinson, but that he had positively refused to promise that the quarrel should drop there. That shortly afterwards he left the house alone, taking the path which Tomlinson had already taken; that two of the persons who had been at the tavern with him shortly afterwards left the inn and took the same road which he had taken; that on arriving at a very lonely part of it they were alarmed by the cries of a person in distress, and uttering the words: "Mercy, have mercy, Harry!" That these persons galloped to the spot from which the sound seemed to proceed, and found a man kneeling at the side of another just murdered, and grasping in his hand a knife which was driven to the hilt in the breast of his victim; that the murdered man was Abel Tomlinson, the very man with whom the prisoner had just quarreled, and on whom he had sworn to be revenged, and that the person kneeling at his side was Harry Kirk, the prisoner. There were footprints about the road, where there had evidently been a struggle, and these footprints had been examined and compared with the foot of the prisoner, and were found to coincide in size.

Having thus put the case, the witnesses were called, of whom Jacob Brett and Cyrus Jepson were the most important. Not a link in the iron chain of circumstantial evidence was wanting. Old Jacob swore that he had seen the prisoner plunge the knife into his victim's breast; and it was only when these words were uttered that the muscles of Harry's mouth twitched convulsively, and his bosom heaved as if from a mighty effort to suppress emotion.

For the defense there was no other line set up except to establish the previous good reputation of the prisoner, and to put on record his straightforward denial of the crime.

The evidence was overpowering, and the charge of the Judge so plainly in favor of conviction, that the jury found a verdict without leaving their seats.

"Guilty of murder in the first degree!" said the foreman, in answer to the customary question of the clerk.

As these words were spoken, a sharp cry of anguish broke the death-like stillness of the room. Looking towards the prisoner's dock, the spectators beheld a woman's figure rise up with outstretched arms, then fall prostrate to the floor. It was Katie Sawyer. The officers raised her up and bore her from the room.

"Poor thing!" whispered the crowd. "The law has made her life wretched forever!"

But the law had been more merciful than the people in the court-room supposed.

The law had killed the girl even before it hanged her lover!

V.

Friday, the 17th of November, 1775.

A dull, leaden sky overhead; a raw wind blowing dismally; the trees stripped of their foliage, and all earth desolate.

Under this leaden sky, in the yard of the Schenectady jail, was erected a scaffold. Under this leaden sky came forth Harry Kirk to meet his fate. With firm step he mounted the scaffold and took his place under the dangling rope. His face had grown thinner, it was said. The close air of the prison-cell had robbed him of his ruddy color. But his clear, blue eyes were as truthful as of old, and he looked about upon the faces of those assembled with a calm and steadfast gaze.

People asked one another: "Has he confessed?" Old Jacob Brett shook his head sorrowfully as he said:

"No, he has not confessed; he still clings to the story of his innocence."

And, still clinging to that story, Harry Kirk stood erect upon the scaffold until the drop fell and his lifeless body dangled in the air.

Of all who saw the sad sight, one only expressed any sentiment other than that of sympathy. That one was a man—a stranger, with an ugly scar on his left cheek. He stood in the front rank of spectators, and his sinister face brightened when the scaffold had done its work.

"May all murderers die like that!" he said in a loud voice. "That is law!"

VI.

In that year when the Colonies of America declared themselves free and independent States, a man was hanged in Virginia for murder. On the night preceding his execution he sent for a clergyman and confessed another crime, of which he had not been suspected. That other crime was the killing of Abel Tomlinson.

"The man had injured me," he said in a calm, cold voice. "I owed him an old grudge; and when he threatened to expose me in Schenectady because I could not pay him some money he had lent me, I made up my mind to kill him. I lay in wait in a wood through which I knew he would pass. When he came to the spot I attacked him, and after a hard struggle I drove a knife into his heart. During the scuffle he cried out for help and pleaded for mercy—mercy from me, Harry Wesley! He might as well have asked mercy from the Devil!"

"But you have repented of this great crime now?" asked the clergyman.

"Repented?—no! I have nothing to do with repentance. What I wanted to tell you was that another man was arrested for this murder—a young fellow named Harry Kirk—Harry, mind you. Ha! ha! A nice name—and it cost him his life!"

"Do you mean to say that this innocent man was put to death for the crime you committed?" inquired the clergyman in horrified amazement.

"He was hanged—I saw him with my own eyes. But mind you, it was Law that murdered him. He happened to be riding along, and heard the cry for help. He turned into the inclosure just as I had finished the job and hidden myself behind a dense clump of evergreens. He found Tomlinson lying with the knife in his heart. He stooped down to draw it out. At the moment a couple of fools who had also heard the cry came up. I crawled away and [illegible] Meantime, they saw this y[illegible] knife in his hand, and, put[illegible] charged him with the mu[illegible] believed that he had see[illegible] and he swore to that [illegible] of 'Mercy, Harry.' [illegible] quarreled—of [illegible] couldn't help [illegible] killed him!"

It was La[illegible] Wesley. [illegible] who saw him on the scaffold remembered [illegible] that the stranger's face was marked by [illegible] scar on his left cheek.

CLIPPER VARIETIES.

Comprising Negro Minstrelsy---Sentimental Ballads---Comic Songs---Theatrical Jokes ---Circus Reminiscences---Old Playbills---Banjo Eccentricities, Etc.

WRITTEN AND COLLATED FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

THE QUEEN OF THE ARENA.

THE CLIPPER VARIETIES would be wanting in that quality of variety which is among their chiefest charms did they fail to present an occasional equestrian act. The very fact that this performance is given at a time when the canvas tent is no longer erected in our Northern clime—where, in short, the circus season proper is over—adds not a little to the relish with which it is received. To be sure, in the metropolis here we usually get a taste of the Winter-circus, but then it can be counted among other unseasonable luxuries, like strawberries in January and dusters at Christmas. The good, old-fashioned circus was inseparably associated with Summer—with country towns, green fields and a canvas tent. Of course, no well informed patron will expect anything old-fashioned in THE CLIPPER VARIETIES. Hence he will not look for green fields, nor, indeed, for anything green about this dashing equestrienne. That she is beautiful to behold, a single glance will serve to prove. That she rides with a grace and daring which are simply unapproachable, must be admitted even by the most dyspeptic critic. You will take particular notice that her fiery steed—everybody in the sawdust ring rides a fiery steed—dashes about the circle at an exhilarating gait. This is deserving of notice, because some of the fiery steeds move at a pace which is anything but exhilarating—which might, in fact, be called debilitating. Our beautiful Queen of the Arena—oh, yes, she is a queen, albeit her domains are somewhat ethereal—holds herself to be the superior of Dockrill or Emma Lake or any other rival; and, having assumed the hitherto unheard of title of champion, she purposes at an early day to issue a challenge which shall be open to the whole world, as well as to the heavens, of equestrian stars. In this challenge she will offer to ride for a purse of five hundred thousand dollars, or a seat in the State Senate, or any other consideration worthy her time and talents. She will put up fifty thousand dollars forfeit, and offer to make any concessions which the acceptor of the challenge may demand. It will be interesting to watch this contest—when it occurs. It is always interesting to watch such contests—when they occur!

THE KISS THAT BOUND MY HEART TO THINE.

WORDS BY SAMUEL N. MITCHELL. MUSIC BY PHIL P. KEIL.

One happy day, long, long ago,
When Summer-fields were all aglow,
And birds were singing in the tree,
I bade a sad farewell to thee;
The gentle breezes murmured low,
The daisies nodded to and fro,
When you received from lips of mine
The kiss that bound my heart to thine.
Chorus.—The gentle breezes murmured low,
The daisies nodded to and fro,
When you received from lips of mine
The kiss that bound my heart to thine.

Though seas have kept us far apart,
Your image still is in my heart;
And visions of the fields and flow'rs
Console my love and weary hours;
I hear the robins as of yore,
I see the sparrows 'bout your door,
And when the shades of evening fall
I catch the whippoorwills' sad call.
Chorus.
The gentle breezes, etc.

Again among the clover sweet,
Where in the past we used to meet,
My weary feet I long to trace
To see once more your genial face;
But while from you I may remain,
I live in hope to come again;
And dearer than the stars that shine—
The kiss that bound my heart to thine.
Chorus.
The gentle breezes, etc.

THE JEALOUS WIFE.

It is a popular fallacy to believe that jealousy is a green-eyed monster. To controvert this absurd theory, we present the accompanying argument—a beautiful argument, of the animated sort, with flowing tresses, and eyes in which there is not the remotest hint of greenness. That this fair creature is the very personification of jealousy nobody who has witnessed the three preceding acts of the play can doubt. Her husband has shown a coldness towards her ever since the first visit of the wife's too attractive dressmaker. Now her worst fears are confirmed. She has just discovered a letter in her husband's handwriting addressed to "My own sweet Penelope." Penelope is the name of the dressmaker. She presses her hand to her burning brow and rushes to the front of the stage. Her bosom heaves; she trembles like an aspen; her very lips quiver with the agony she suffers—but there is nothing green about her eyes. This is the point we want to establish once and for all. The ignorant fellow who described jealousy as green-eyed didn't know what he was talking about. If a jealous wife—one who has just found a note in her husband's handwriting addressed to sweet Penelope—isn't green-eyed, then no jealousy is. We are convinced of that.

THE GUIDE'S LEGEND.

I.

A stranger from the country
Stood on the battlefield (?);
His guide (!) a lightning bootblack,
Whose eye-teeth had been peeled.
They found historic relics (?)
(Or what as such would pass),
While the greenhorn from the country
Kept chewing sawdust.

II.

"Boy, are there any legends
Connected with this spot?
Some stories unimagined,
Some romance, or what not?"
"I guess there's one—one only,"
The shine-up lad replied.
"A stranger from the country
Came here, and, well, he—died!

III.

"He hired a guide—a bootblack—
Who took him round and round,
And answered all his questions,
And see'ral relics (?) found;
And when back to the city
At supper-time they went,
This stranger, pliked that bootblack,
And gave him not a cent!

IV.

"And here pops in the legend—
The stranger died that night;
The bootblack got his money—
And served the beggar right!
The—the bootblack cried,"—"Drop the legend;
Here's a dollar." "I'll be blest!
Well, that bootblack is a high old sport,
And—wears a velvet vest!"

JAS. OWEN O'CONOR.

THE BOSTON THEATRE IN 1812.

Charles Everett Cook contributes an advertisement cut from *The Boston Patriot* of the issue of Saturday, Dec. 26, 1812, a copy of which is appended. The theatre, located in Federal street, was under the management of Powell & Dickson. Charles E. Whitlock had made his American debut in Philadelphia with Wignell's company, and in 1800 he managed the Boston Theatre, his venture, however, proving unfortunate. He returned to England, and died there. Samuel Drake, who died in Kentucky in 1847, was one of the pioneers of the drama in the West, and the first of a family which has ever since followed the profession. Among his youngest descendants now before the public are Blanche (Mrs. Ford) and Ella Chapman. Leigh Waring made his American debut at this theatre at the commencement of this season. He married Miss Caroline Placide (now Mrs. W. R. Blake) June 23, 1814, and Mrs. J. W. Wallack Jr. is his daughter. He died in Charleston, S. C., about 1817. Hopkins Robertson was attached to the Richmond (Va.) Theatre at the time it was burned, Dec. 26, 1811, with great loss of life, and was instrumental in saving many lives. He died in this city Nov. 10, 1819. The Mr. Roberts may possibly have been James Roberts, an excellent comedian, who died in Charleston, S. C., in 1833. Mrs. Elizabeth Whitlock was a sister of the celebrated Mrs. Siddons, whom she closely resembled, and is said to have closely imitated in many characters. She returned to England, and died there in 1835. Mrs. Sarah Wheatley, formerly Mrs. Williams, made her American debut in this theatre at the commencement of this season. She was last seen in New York in 1831, at the Bowery Theatre. Alexander Drake had made his debut in this theatre Jan. 3, 1811

MY NATIVE TOWN.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY BARRY CROTON.

O birthplace dear! O golden light
That reaches age's days!
Your innocence is far more bright
Than worldly wealth or praise;
Your magic joy had higher might
Than pleasure's lurid blaze.
The morning sun that lit my face
No line of sorrow found;
House, hill and tree—all wore a grace
Beyond artistic bound;
Honor and good, knowledge and power,
Were gods below in childhood's hour.

Enough of cities rank with curses!
From wanderings long I come to thee.
Thy mother-heart is full of mercies.
Thy well-known face is kind to me.
The shimmering brook grows glad to see
A lover looking down on him;
He makes a sweeter melody.
And babbles to bank and forest dim:
"Our good, old friend—you knew him when
A boy—he has come home again."

THE ANGEL of THE PESTILENCE;

OR,

FROM THE MIMIC TO THE REAL.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY WILLIAM H. BUSHNELL.

"The theatre closed, our salaries stopped, and even unpaid, we in a strange city far from home, what in the name of Heaven are we to do?"

The shadow of the dark cloud that had loomed in the distance had at last settled down, bringing never-to-be-told suffering and death. The yellow-fever had come with all its horrors, mocking at human power to stop its ravages, and men gathered with pale faces upon the street-corners, and women shrank with white lips behind the windows they had carefully closed, in the vain hope of keeping out the destroyer.

The beautiful city was panic-stricken. The terrible though unseen finger, as that of old, had written doom upon the walls. Children were stricken down in their helplessness, women amid their prayers and tears; and stalwart men wrestled hopelessly against fate. The insidious blight fell without distinction. Wealth, ease and luxury were no safeguards. The poisoned breath crept in alike through satin and lace curtains and the unscreened casements of poverty. No respecter of persons, it sent to horrible death the high as well as the low; passed beauty not unkissed by its foul lips; marked for pollution the most honored as well as the outcast; rioted in the midst of luxury as in squalid want, and wrapped in its pall of loathsomeness every class and condition of society until each looked the other in the face and shudderingly whispered: "Who'll be the next to die?"

Churches were closed alike with places of amusement. Physicians fell in the harness by the wayside; nurses were cut down at their post in the hour of utmost need, of the greatest usefulness. There remained scarcely enough of the well to take care of the sick, of strong hands to bury the dead. The cry for help rang through the length and breadth of the land, the pleadings to pity and to save. The great, generous heart of the nation was touched, and responded nobly. All sectional lines were trampled under foot, a brotherhood of common humanity instantly took the place of party, creed and sect; the past was forgotten, and from the old Croot sprang again into full blossoming the tree of a universal brother-and-sisterhood.

The fatal disease had come suddenly and unexpectedly. But yesterday the city had held its head proudly, and even defiantly. Now it was bowed as a flower stricken by a fierce and untimely frost—was unprepared, if preparation could have given aught of safety—lay crushed and impotent save in the uncertainty of flight; for the deadly seed already sown failed not to ripen into ghastly fruit every where the pine tree reared its head in place of the palm, the corn for the cotton, the rose for the orange-blossom.

As it were but the previous night, the theatre had been brilliantly lighted, densely crowded, and ringing with happy and careless laughter; now all was gloom and despair. The last gorgeous scenes of the play still remained unaltered, but the dim light gave them a sickly coloring, and the warm and rosy tints were cold and repellant. There was no music now save sobs and tears—the low, sad prelude, as it were, to the march of death! Stripped of rich costumes and tinseled trappings, the company had gathered to learn the worst, and the slightest ripple of mirth would have jarred harshly upon every ear, and been an unholy sound. Utterly crushed by the dire calamity, by the helplessness of their condition; wanting (for the most part) the means to get away; robed in the most everyday garments, with faces lined by anxiety and want of rest, they presented a picture at which they themselves shuddered and grew faint-hearted, even as they talked of what could be done. "What is the name of Heaven to become of us? What can we do?" were the oft-repeated questions, which no one attempted to answer, for Tragedy had lost its nerve, Comedy its mirth, and the followers of Terpsichore stood with chained feet, all cowering before the mighty Real.

"Stop!" at last was answered in more firm tones than had previously broken the oppressive silence. "There is but one thing to be done. We cannot get away if we would. Heaven has cast our lot here, has given us a plain duty, and a coward would alone shrink from it."

All eyes were turned upon all ears towards the speaker, and every face betrayed not only the most intense astonishment, but admiration, for it was no man proud of his strength of muscle and brave heart that stood foremost there, but a girl, young in years and beautiful in all that makes her sex the idol of the other. A girl, slight of form, pale of face, with hair as gold and eyes of heaven's deepest blue; one that would the soonest have been expected to bow as a lily before the storm than out of her weakness and purity to have risen above it, and become the guiding angel of charity and love amid the darkness of desolation.

"Tell us what we can do?" was questioned by trembling lips.

A wave of faint color rose from throat to cheek and brow as she saw every eye fixed upon her; a thrill of modesty caused her to start at having made herself thus conspicuous, and then, with such a forgetfulness of self, with the almost sublime enthusiasm and inspiration that lifted the heart of the Maid of Orleans above earth, she replied:

"We found kind friends and warm hearts here, though strangers. They are being cut down upon every side. Do? Even as they would have done for us. Out of their abundance they gave in the hour of health, and shall we basely desert them when sickness and sorrow and death have come? As yet our little band is untouched. Nurses are needed. The living as well as the dying require care and love. Let us turn back, for the time at least, upon the mimic stage, and become actors amid the sternest reality. The curtain that has been rung up is not one of gilded glory, and the orchestra is playing not the notes of love, but the requiem of death! For one, I go to nurse the stricken, to care for the homeless. Even this stage, if needed, can be used as a hospital, and may kind Heaven keep it from being transformed into a morgue. Let us do our plain duty, do it as brave men and women, and trust to the great God over all for succor, and, if death comes, for our reward."

It needed but such words. In all times of calamity and distress the profession has shown the purest gold of their hearts. A craven few only stood back, and, acquiring the means, fled; but the many "held a mirror up to nature" of truth and devotion and charity, and laid their lives as votive offerings upon the altar of suffering—playing such parts in the real as the mimic never pictured, and nobly giving back a thousand-fold all they had ever received in such "benefits" as the money could purchase.

And foremost among them was the brave young girl who had been the motive power to action. Frail as she was, she stood the master spirit and directing power. All looked up to her in that hour of darkness and terror as something more than mortal, and elder women and strong men hung upon her words and awaited her guidance.

"Go out and seek the suffering everywhere. The streets are filled, the houses cumbered, with them. On every side the grave is yawning. Go, and may God bless and protect you."

"And you, Helen?" was questioned.

"I shall not be long finding my place—perhaps my fate," was answered from now red lips, and with face and eyes that sparkled with enthusiasm.

"But, my dear child," said a matron of the company, as she gently smoothed back the locks of burnished gold, "have you forgotten that there is one waiting your coming in a Northern clime—one to whom you have pledged hand and heart?"

For a single instant the girl stood irresolute, with the tide of a young, first and passionate love surging wildly through heart and brain. Then her head was lifted, and her bosom heaved with the mighty impulses of duty, and she replied:

"I have not forgotten—can never forget. But he, dear as he is to me, must not stand in the way of right. And he—God ever guard and keep him—would scorn his Helen should she prove recreant to the holy inspiration of womanhood, and fly now, even for his dear sake."

"But recollect," still urged the matron, "that those around are strangers."

"Strangers?" interrupted the girl, rising to such a majesty of action, expression and intonation as has never been equaled upon the stage; "strangers? Sickness and death overleap all barriers—is the key that opens every heart. At such times all are brothers and sisters. There are no strangers then. All become relatives, all are alike to be loved. Talk not to me of a one and a selfish affection! Dearer, far dearer, to me than life is the one pure vow that I would name. For him I would walk barefooted over thrice-heated iron, would brave tempest and suffering and death; but in an hour like this human love becomes sanctified even by denial, and the greater its glory—if not in this world, in that beyond."

The bitter thought of separation, perhaps of death, almost overpowered her. The crimson of the rose was blanched from her cheeks, and the blue of her eyes dimmed by tears. It was too much for weak humanity to bear unflinchingly—the sundering of all the passionate bonds of the heart and the walking down the dark pathway to the grave; and one thought alone sustained and rendered her able to brave a fate at which the strongest shuddered.

"He will think better of me, will love me the more, for thus proving myself worthy," she whispered to reassure herself, and, with a kind farewell to all, went out amid the scenes of suffering and loathsomeness and misery and dissolution with a firm step, unclouded brow, and a heart strung as by angel hands, to fulfill the golden rule.

It was a terrible task. Men who had won name and fame amid the horrors of war and become familiar with carnage turned away sickened. It was fighting an invisible foe: one that dealt blows without the chance of return; one that never gave quarter; one whose every shaft was poisoned, and against which courage was useless and steel impotent; it was fighting a monster that walked in the darkness and brought death in the most treacherous of kisses.

And, amid scenes such as painter can never depict or pen describe, that brave girl stood with face touched as it were with the pencil of divinity. The modesty that could never be eradicated from such a heart kept her from the side of men as much as possible, though often her white hand held the cup to bearded lips, and her tender touch smoothed the damp hair from the hot brow and closed the staring eyes, and her voice whispered hope and consolation. Wherever duty required, there she was found. Stricken sisters looked upon her as an angel, and stricken men reached out their fast palsying hands to even touch her garments as she passed.

The terrible pestilence grew still more deadly, the black wings of the destroyer hovered more closely over the city, until it seemed as if not one was to be left living. Physicians came nobly from abroad to be cut down; nurses but to fill graves. Every necessary article of food and clothing and medicine was exhausted. The ice to cool the burning brow and the blankets to wrap the shivering form were not to be had. Answer bountifully as the North could to the demands, pour in as they would supplies, the call was so general, the quota each city received was but as a drop to the bucket that should have been overflowing. And day by day the matter grew worse. The sun went down in darkness to rise in blood; the fair city was becoming a vast tomb, and, unless a check speedily came, would soon be blotted from the earth.

But day by day, night by night, that brave girl and those she had inspired by word and deed kept up their holy mission regardless of self. And many fell—fell having cast aside the bauble of mimic life to gain a crown immortal. But she—Helen Masters—appeared to bear a charmed life. Worn to a shadow, pale as the death she stood among, the wreck of former loveliness, with sunken eyes, feeble steps and hair seemingly blanched of its golden glory, but with a firm heart, she trod the streets and knelt by the bedsides of that shuddering city. And vain were the remonstrances of her friends; in vain their entreaty to rest.

"I must act while I may. Life may soon be a dream for me, as a song that is sung and a story that is told," she replied; "but there is another and a better world."

The blackness deepened. The hour came when every particle of hope was blotted from the sky. Upon every lip was the prayer for frost—the blessed frost that would deal a death-blow to the pestilence. To that, and that alone, could they now look. But the chilling wave of air came not, and the fiends of the "Black Vomito" rioted and laughed and glutted themselves with human suffering and crowded graveyard, and the hot sky gave no token of release.

The limit to human endurance came at last—the time when even the most heroic courage gave way—and, dragging herself from the bed of one just gasping on the verge of dissolution, Helen Masters crawled out into the open air, to die at least in sight of heavenly skies. Notwithstanding all she had given—all done for others—she would pass away without a single cool draught of water held to her parched lips; without one to close her eyes or compose the stiffening limbs. But well indeed she had acted her part, and the earthly curtain to be rung down upon her soul would instantly rise again upon a transformation-scene divine!

Yet even as she lay, struggling for breath, a strange sound, a thrilling huzza came to her ears, and, groping blindly to her feet, she threw her entire soul into shouting the welcome tidings.

"The frost! the saving, blessed frost! God be thanked!"

It had come too late! She had saved many others, but herself could not save, and, reeling, gasping, she fell again even when the city went wildly with the life-giving news that the conqueror had been conquered and the land redeemed from death.

* * * * * * *

Where the orange and magnolia blossoms load the air to faintness with perfume, you may seek her grave in vain. She rests not beneath the palm and the vine, and the cotton drifts not in white billows above her. Her triumphant though dying shout reached the ears of him she loved. He had come to seek her, to bear her away from infection, literally snatching her from the icy clutches of death, and loved and honored her again as a bride. Words, an almost peerless actress; yet the brightest, holiest crown she will ever wear was worn in real, not mimic tragedy—won when playing the part of "THE ANGEL OF THE PESTILENCE."

"LA NEMESISI."

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY ETTIE ROGERS.

"I do not like the play at all," declared Saxe Leicester moodily. "In fact, Coralie, I think I had rather leave the company than enact the part assigned me."

"But surely 'The Wife's Triumph' will be immensely successful," expostulated the pretty wife of the oddly-annoyed actor. "The plot is certainly fine, and you can make the role of villain superbly interesting, I know, if you do not allow his sudden, incomprehensible squeamishness to interfere with your ability."

"I do not doubt my ability," asserted the gentleman with a modest manifestation of professional pride; "but the unknown playwright has made the villain so inconsistently and unnaturally vicious, that even a dying gasp of human remorse is denied him. Besides, the sole heroine actress, La Nemesisi, who is to play the wronged and revengeful wife, has persistently kept away from our rehearsals, declaring that she is so familiar with her part that rehearsal for her would be quite a waste of time and force. Such egotism seems to me very unprofessional, and I am dissatisfied and vexed with the whole thing. I have a presentiment of failure or something worse. And yet," he continued, as if utterly forgetful of the presence of pretty, wondering Coralie, "these dim, senseless fears, this superstitious dread of something disastrous, are as ridiculous as the vagaries of a madman."

"How strangely you look and speak, my love," observed the young wife with a sudden distress in her sweet voice. Really, Saxe, you could not appear more apprehensive if you were a veritable villain expecting a veritable La Nemesisi to avenge her wrongs by curse and dagger."

Saxe Leicester started, and turned towards her a face that had become curiously pale.

"My innocent little dove," he said, drawing her suddenly into his arms and speaking with an earnestness that was inexplicable considering that the occasion did not seem to demand it in the least, "whatever may happen to you and me of unpleasantness or trouble, you must never think of me as a villain. Coralie, I have committed folly that I would gladly recall or forget if I could, and that I would scarcely like to have you know about. I have been sinned against, and I have suffered; but I never yet have wronged any living creature. Never, my dearest, as Heaven hears me."

"I am sure of that," she conceded, with a trustful smile; but, nevertheless, his mood pained and frightened her.

"But now, my Coralie, we must go," he returned at length. "You are to have a box tonight, you know, by the courtesy of a gentleman who admires my humble self."

And there was no fairer lady in the theatre that evening than Coralie Leicester in her pale-pink silk and pearls, with a white rose in her black-yellow hair, and an exquisite opera-cloak of white satin and fur falling loosely from her bare and most lovely arms and shoulders.

Many a lorgnette was turned towards the poetic picture she made, but she was careless of admiration, for she was intensely interested in the play that promised to be, however, a sort of showy fiasco.

The plot was not remarkable for anything original or precisely fascinating. A young girl of great beauty, much talent, and many accomplishments, but poor and ignobly born, had become the object of the questionable but resistless charms of a profligate gentleman who was the only son and heir of a rich and patrician family. He lured her into a secret marriage, tired of her shortly, and finally deserted her. Then her love turned to bitter hate, and she determined to become to him a terrible Nemesis. She left the country, caused a report of her death to be circulated, changed her name, bided patiently her time of vengeance, and when at last she heard of his marriage to another she returned for the triumph that was to give him back pang for pang and shame for shame.

The instant La Nemesisi appeared before the footlights, every spectator felt vaguely and instinctively that there was something terribly real and tragic in the drama. Besides, at the last moment the rumor had somehow gone abroad that La Nemesisi was the author of the play, and that the play was the story of her own mysterious life. She was a tall, stylish creature, with a lissome, sinuous form, a handsome, peculiarly colorless face, great, flashing black eyes, and a profusion of hair black as night.

The instant Saxe Leicester saw her, he started and shuddered perceptibly. Then he turned one imploring look towards Coralie, glanced about him in a singularly awkward, hesitating manner, and began his part.

It was evident to the least acute observer that Saxe Leicester was sadly perturbed; but he was a favorite actor in that provincial town, and, though all marveled at him, none were disposed to be severely critical. But as act after act went on he regained his equanimity, and began to play the villain as admirably as could be desired.

Finally the curtain went up for the last act. La Nemesisi had come for her triumph at a time when the unconscious victim of her vengeance was sitting with his new love, forgetful of her he had wronged and repudiated. For the first this strange actress performed so naturally and well that the applause rang out loudly. She reminded him of the sweet days when he had loved her first, of the promises he had made and the caresses he had given her; then she pathetically bade him recall his cruelties, his falsity, and the many wrongs that had changed the tender wife into a Nemesis, with a heart of stone, a brain of madness, who only lived to ruin his life as he had blighted hers. At this juncture the villain interposed, and Coralie, who was breathlessly watching the scene, fancied that the interruption was not a part of the play, and that it was quite unexpected by La Nemesisi.

"Have you no pity for my innocent wife?" he demanded in a voice full of anguish and ringing with intense scorn of the vengeance that would destroy not only him, but the pure young being who had never known of her existence before.

With a wild motion the woman whirled about on the stage. Her face was like white flame, out of which her great, cruel eyes blazed like coals of fire.

"Your *wife*?" she cried in slow, contemptuous tones; and, to the amazement and shuddering expectancy of all the assemblage, lifting her arm with a gesture of unutterable hate, and pointing a snaky finger towards Coralie's box. "I am your wife, and there sits my rival. Does a slighted wife pity the creature who has stolen the love of a husband? La Nemesisi knows no pity. The hour of a wife's triumph has come."

As she uttered these words she reeled, staggered forward, fell, and instantly the curtain came down.

The play was unfinished, but ended for that night certainly. And the next day, when it was ascertained that La Nemesisi had been consigned to an asylum of the insane, most people thought that her strange behavior was satisfactorily explained. But that night, when pretty Coralie went home, she took off her wedding-ring and placed it in her husband's hand.

"How much have I heard that was *not* the truth?" she asked quietly.

"My poor white dove," he answered sadly, "you have heard no truth at all, except that I once married that wretched woman."

"And what am I?" she moaned, covering her pale face with her ringless hand.

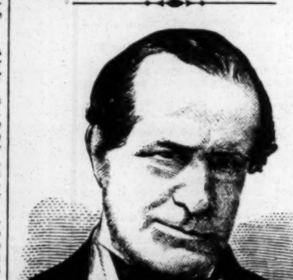
"You are mine, Coralie, and shall be, if the law is just and the dear God is merciful. Uncover your sweet eyes, my love. Look at me. Have I ever told you an untruth?"

"I think you acted an untruth in not telling me what I so cruelly learned to-night," she returned, but not reproachfully.

"I did not wish to shock your innocent soul with such a story," he explained. "Coralie, I was a beardless boy when I met that bad, beautiful woman. She cared nothing for me. My father's money was all she wanted. She duped me perfectly in every way, and beguiled me into a secret marriage, knowing well that my father would have prevented such a union, or, failing to prevent it, would have refused me the wealth she coveted. He died unconscious of my mad act; and when she had wasted most of my inheritance, she fled with another; and then, fearing my pursuit and wrath, she caused the account of her death to be sent to me. When she was finally forsaken by her lover, she determined to return to me. When she learned that I had married you, my dearest, she chose to assume the character of an outraged wife, partly, I suppose, because she hoped to obtain some notoriety, and partly because her nature is coarse, cruel, and vindictive."

Coralie believed him implicitly, and she knew that his love for her would be her comfort and protection to the end. And the happy ending of their brief perplexity and separation was not far distant. For a few days later the miserable woman whose baleful shadow had come between them died a gibbering maniac in a madhouse.

Saxe Leicester never assumed the role of villain again; and La Nemesisi and her ephemeral play are alike forgotten.



SAMUEL PHELPS,

a distinguished English actor, died of congestion of the brain in England Nov. 6. He was born in Devonport in 1806, of parents who were respectable trades-people in moderately good circumstances, but yet unable to give their son a classical education. At first he was apprenticed in commercial business, later to a printer, and subsequently he became a compositor on a newspaper. While at work in the office he acquired a strong taste for theatrical performances, and finally decided to go upon the stage. Commencing at the foot of the ladder in a provincial dramatic company, he rose step by step until he played as a star and successfully managed a theatre in London. His first appearance was made in that capacity at Sadler's Wells, and in addition to delivering jokes which made others laugh; Bottom in "A Midsummer-night's Dream," which greatly enhanced his reputation; Sir Pertinax McSycophant in "A Man of the World," perhaps his best part; Cantwell in "The Hypocrite," similar to the last named; Sir Giles Overreach, Lord Townley, Mr. Oakley, Mr. Penruddock and Manfred (both gloomy, stilted and undignified), Othello, Richard, Hamlet, King John, Iago, Macbeth, Timour, Coriolanus, Wolsey, the Jester in "The Fool's Revenge," Hubert in "King John," and Macduff. In the last-named character he is credited with having originated some very effective business. Prior to Mr. Phelps' performance of this character, the scene in which Macduff is informed of the murder of his wife and children was invariably distinguished for melodramatic rant and violence. Mr. Phelps' talent for pathetic emotional acting was brought into full play, and the hearts of his auditors were touched to the quick by the depth and quiet intensity of feeling with which he portrayed his emotions. Through the kindness of G. P. Fisher of Boston, Mass., we are enabled to present our readers with a copy of the bill when Mr. Phelps made his first appearance in Covent-garden Theatre, then under the management of the late W. C. Macready.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN
THIS EVENING, FRIDAY, OCT. 27, 1837,
will be performed Otway's tragedy of
VENICE PRESERVED.

The Duke of Venice.....Mr. Tilbury
Priuli.....Mr. Warde | Bedamar.....Mr. Diddear
Jaffier (his first appearance at this theatre)...Mr. Phelps
Pierre.....Mr. Macready | Theodore.....Mr. Bender
Renault.....Mr. Abbott | Spinosa.....Mr. Collett
Elliott.....Mr. Roberts | Durand.....Mr. C. J. Smith
Spinosa.....Mr. Pritchard | Reviliedo.....Mr. Becket
Captain of the Guard.....Mr. Yarnold
Officer.....Mr. W. H. Payne | Belvidera.Miss Helen Faucit

During the evening the band will perform Beethoven's overture to "Egmont" and Rossini's overture to "Tancredi." After which the musical entertainment of
NO SONG, NO SUPPER.

Frederick.....Mr. Manvers | Thomas.....Mr. Yarnold
Robin.....Mr. Bartley | Margaretta.....Miss Shirreff
Endless.....Mr. Meadows | Louisa.....Miss Land
Cruo.....Mr. Leffler | Dorothy.....Miss P. Horton
William.....Mr. Ransford | Nelly.....Mrs. Garrick

To conclude with the last new farce (in one act) of
THE SPITFIRE.

Capt. Shortcut. R. N.....Mr. Roberts
Lieut. Seaworth, R. N.....Mr. Pritchard
Second Lieut.....Mr. Harris | Surgeon.....Mr. C. J. Smith
Midshipman.....Mr. Bender | Sam.....Mr. Yarnold
Boatswain Bobstay.....Mr. Meadows
Seamen. Messrs. W. H. Payne, Becket, Paulo, Sharpe, etc.
Tobias Shortcut.....Mr. Bartley
Margaret.....Miss P. Horton | Mrs. Fidget.....Mrs. Garrick

Doors to be opened at half-past six, and the performances to commence at seven o'clock.

Boxes, 5s.; second price, 2s. 6d.; pit, 2s. 6d.; second price, 1s. 6d.; lower gallery, 1s. 6d.; second price, 1s.; upper gallery, 1s.; second price, 6d. Second price will be admitted at the end of the third act of the tragedy. Season tickets (not transferable) may be had by application at the box-office.

Private boxes and places to be taken of Mr. Notter, from 10 till 4. Private boxes may also be had of Mr. Sams (sole agent), St. James street.

Under the present regulation of the prices of admission, the system of nightly orders must be altogether discontinued, and no admittance behind the scenes except on business.

The new farce of THE SPITFIRE will be repeated this evening and to-morrow.

The new tragedy of THE BRIDAL, and the opera of FRA DIAVOLO will be repeated every Wednesday until further notice.

TO-MORROW will be repeated Lord Byron's tragedy of
WERNER, OR THE INHERITANCE.

Werner.....Mr. Macready | Baron Stealenheim.....
Ulric.....Mr. Anderson | .....Mr. Diddear
Gabor.....Mr. G. Bennett | Josephine.....Miss Huddart
Idenstein.....Mr. Meadows | Ida.....Miss Vincent

With Shakespeare's comedy of
KATHARINE AND PETRUCHIO.

Petruchio.....Mr. Vining | Katharine.Miss Helen Faucit

To conclude with
THE SPITFIRE.

MONDAY will be repeated Shakespeare's tragedy of
OTHELLO, MOOR OF VENICE.

Othello.Mr. Phelps (his second appearance at this theatre) | Desdemona.....Miss H. Faucit
Iago.....Mr. Macready | Brabantio.....Mr. G. Bennett
Cassius.....Mr. Anderson | Roderigo.....Mr. Vining
Duke of Venice..Mr. Bartley | Desdemona...Miss H. Faucit
Ludovico.....Mr. Waldron | Emelia.....Miss Huddart
Montano.....Mr. Diddear

With the grand romantic spectacle of
ALADDIN, OR THE WONDERFUL LAMP.

TUESDAY, Kotzebue's play of
THE STRANGER.

The Stranger..Mr. Macready | Peter.....Mr. Meadows
Count Wintersen.....Mr. Diddear | Mrs. Haller.....Miss Helen Faucit
Baron Steinfort..Mr. Warde | Countess Wintersen.....Mrs. W. Clifford
Tobias.....Mr. G. Bennett | Charlotte.....Miss Vincent
Francis.....Mr. Vining
Solomon.....Mr. Bartley

With other entertainments.

WEDNESDAY will be repeated the tragedy of
THE BRIDAL.

Melantius.....Mr. Macready | Evadne.....Miss Huddart
Amintor.....Mr. Anderson | Aspatia.....Miss Taylor

After which the opera of
FRA DIAVOLO.

Fra Diavolo.....Mr. Wilson | Giacomo.....Mr. Stretton
Lorenzo.....Mr. Manvers | Beppo.....Mr. Ransford
Lord Allcash.....Mr. Roberts | Zerlina.....Miss Shirreff
Matteo.....Mr. Leffler | Lady Allcash Miss P. Horton

THURSDAY, Sheridan Knowles' historical tragedy of
VIRGINIUS, OR THE LIBERATION OF ROME.

Appius Claudius,.....Virginius.....Mr. Macready
.....Mr. G. Bennett | Icilius.....Mr. Anderson
Caius Claudius..Mr. Diddear | Servia.....Miss Huddart
Dentatus.....Mr. Warde | Virginia...Miss Helen Faucit

With other entertainments.

A grand romantic opera is in preparation, and will be positively produced on Saturday, Nov. 4. Principal characters by Mr. H. Phillips, Mr. Wilson, Mr. Leffler, Mr. Manvers, Mr. Stretton, Mr. Ransford, Miss Shirreff and Miss P. Horton.

Vivat Regina. No money returned.

ATHLETIC.

ELECTION-DAY ATHLETICS.

The excitement attending the municipal election did not prevent a goodly number of people from visiting the grounds of the N. Y. A. C., Mott Haven, on Nov. 5, when were held the closing games of that organization for 1878. Though clear and bracing, the weather was not the most favorable possible for the sport, the sharp north wind being somewhat too frigid for comfort, even for those who were warmly clothed. The sport was good, and no reasonable person could find fault with the manner in which the affair was conducted. Fast times were out of the question, in consequence of the strength and direction of the wind. Results are shown below:

One-hundred yards handicap run—Heat 1: J. C. Wray, Amer. A. C. (3½yds.), 1; L. E. Myers, N. Y. City (7), 2; W. F. Gaeth, M. S. A. C. (8), 3; time, 10¾s. Heat 2: H. M. Moore, Yonkers (6½), 1; W. J. C. Roberts, St. I. A. C. (7½), 2; A. C. Clayton (7), 3; 10¾s. Heat 3: M. H. Burch, H. A. C. (3½), 1; W. D. Brereton, Yonkers (6), 2; E. H. Reynolds, S. H. A. C. (3), 3; 10¾s. Heat 4: H. P. Pike, M. A. C. (8½), 1; E. B. Bellman, Newark, N. J. (8), 2; T. K. Hastings, N. Y. City (6½), 3; 10¾s. Heat 5: W. C. Hall, Perth Amboy, N. J. (4½), 1; J. W. Carter, N. Y. A. C. (6), and G. E. Payne, Astoria (6), dead-heat for second place; W. McFaul, Pan. A. C. (scratch), 4; 10¾s. Final heat: W. C. Hall, 1; J. C. Wray, 2; H. M. Moore, 3; M. H. Burch, 0; H. P. Pike, 0; 10¾s. Won easily by less than a yard, a foot dividing second and third.

Half-mile handicap run—W. R. Whitmore, N. Y. A. C. (12yds.), 1; G. L. Whittaker, N. Y. City (25), 2; A. Varian, K. Y. C. (20), 3; W. B. Dowd, M. B. C. (28), 0; J. A. R. Dunning, N. Y. City (32), 0; C. Horton, S. A. A. C. (30), 0; W. S. Pryor, N. Y. City (25), 0; L. Curth Jr., Brooklyn (25), 0; J. J. Heins Jr., N. Y. City (23), 0; J. O. Davidson, Ford. A. C. (22), 0; W. Cody, Gr. A. C. (22), 0; J. E. McCarthy, N. Y. City (22), 0; J. Magee, Amer. A. C. (22), 0; T. K. Hastings, N. Y. City (17), 0; A. W. Anderson, N. Y. C. (8), 0. Time, 2m. 12⅝s. Won by 10yds. The scratchman, W. S. Barnes, H. A. C., arrived too late to start.

Individual tug-of-war—W. B. Curtis, N. Y. A. C., 1; C. A. J. Gueschberg, S. A. A. C., 2; won two straight pulls, in 15¾s. and 1m. 2¾s. respectively.

Two hundred-and-fifty yards handicap run—Heat 1: W. H. Dunglas, N. Y. City (17yds.), 1; T. H. Minor, N. Y. City (10), 2; W. R. Whitmore, N. Y. City (11), 3; time, 30⅝s. Third heat: J. H. Drew (17), 1; C. Hoe (18), 2; J. F. Hill (23), 3; won by 1½yds. in 30¾s. Final heat: Van Loan, 1; Merseles, 2; Drew, 3: won by a yard in 31s.

Throwing the hammer, 16lb—John W. Aymar, 87ft. 5½in.; W. F. Myers, 84ft. 7in.; George H. Conghlan, 82ft. 5in.

One-mile walk—John W. Aymar (7¾s.), 1; E. H. Bowly (30), 2; John H. Van Loan (scratch), 0; D. Bowly (90), dis.q.; Frank Hill (60), dis.q.; time, 9m. 29½s.

Two hundred-and-twenty yard open handicap—First heat: W. C. Littell, Newark, N. J. (5yds.), 1; Fred E. Hough, H. B. C. (scratch), 2; J. C. Bedell, K. A. C. (12), 3; won by a foot, in 24¼s. Second heat: F. H. Moritz, S. A. A. C. (7), 1; E. A. Noltemeyer, Marion, N. J. (12), 2; Hugh McMahon, J. C. A. C. (8), 3; won by less than a foot in 24¾s. Third heat: John Fs—Alaska, 4; Flyaway, 3. Umpire, Mr. Sweney of the Jersey City's. Time, 1h. 45m.

The Alaskas played the Hudsons on Nov. 6, and this time the Hudsons found themselves short-handed, as the Alaskas did in a previous match, and the result was their signal defeat, as the score below shows.

HUDSON.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Farrell, 2d b	0	0	2	2	0
Doescher, 3d b	0	0	4	3	3
Schenck, p	0	0	4	6	2
Lavin, 1st b	0	0	10	0	0
R. Smith, l. f	0	0	2	0	0
Morgan, c	0	0	2	3	0
McCord, s. s	0	0	1	0	4
Raleigh, r. f	0	0	0	0	1
Totals	0	0	24	13	11

ALASKA.	R	1B	PO.	A.	E.
Hankinson, c. f	1	0	0	0	0
Ripschlager, c	1	1	11	1	0
Larkin, r. f	1	1	0	0	0
Sullivan, l. f	2	2	2	1	0
Burroy, c. f	0	0	1	0	0
Clinton, l. f	1	0	1	1	1
Curran, c	1	0	7	1	0
Fleet, 2d b	0	0	2	1	1
McCann, p	0	0	0	3	2
Totals	8	4	24	7	4

Runs earned—Hudson, 0; Alaska, 4. First base by errors—Alaska, 4; Flyaway, 3. Umpire, Mr. Sweney of the Jersey City's. Time, 1h. 45m.

The Alaskas played the Hudsons on Nov. 6, and this time the Hudsons found themselves short-handed, as the Alaskas did in a previous match, and the result was their signal defeat, as the score below shows.

HUDSON.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Farrell, 2d b	0	0	2	2	0
Doescher, 3d b	0	0	4	3	3
Schenck, p	0	0	4	6	2
Lavin, 1st b	0	0	10	0	0
R. Smith, l. f	0	0	2	0	0
Morgan, c	0	0	2	3	0
McCord, s. s	0	0	1	0	4
Raleigh, r. f	0	0	0	0	1
Totals	0	0	24	13	11

ALASKA.	R	1B	PO.	A.	E.
Hankinson, r. f	1	0	0	0	0
Ripschlager, c	1	1	11	1	0
Larkin, c. f	3	1	0	1	0
Sullivan, l. f	2	2	2	1	0
Rice, 1st b	1	1	11	0	2
Kent, p	3	2	0	4	0
Troy, 3d b	1	1	1	1	1
Morgan, c	0	0	2	3	0
Kelly, s. s	1	1	0	3	0
Totals	18	16	24	11	4

FLYAWAY.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Anderson, 3d b	0	0	4	2	2
Towart, r. f	0	0	0	1	0
Kelly, s. s	1	1	0	3	0
Walker, 1st b	0	0	9	1	2
Purroy, c. f	0	0	1	0	0
Clinton, l. f	1	0	1	1	1
Curran, c	1	0	7	1	0
Fleet, 2d b	0	0	2	1	1
McCann, p	0	0	0	3	2
Totals	3	1	24	13	13

Alaska	0	0	0	0	0	2	6	0—8
Flyaway	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	0—3

Runs earned—Alaska, 4; Flyaway, 0. First base by errors—Alaska, 4; Flyaway, 3. Umpire, Mr. Sweney of the Jersey City's. Time, 1h. 45m.

The Alaskas played the Hudsons on Nov. 6, and this time the Hudsons found themselves short-handed, as the Alaskas did in a previous match, and the result was their signal defeat, as the score below shows.

HUDSON.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Farrell, 2d b	0	0	2	2	0
Doescher, 3d b	0	0	4	3	3
Schenck, p	0	0	4	6	2
Lavin, 1st b	0	0	10	0	0
R. Smith, l. f	0	0	2	0	0
Morgan, c	0	0	2	3	0
McCord, s. s	0	0	1	0	4
Raleigh, r. f	0	0	0	0	1
Totals	0	0	24	13	11

ALASKA.	R	1B	PO.	A.	E.
Hankinson, r. f	1	0	0	0	0
Ripschlager, c	1	1	11	1	0
Larkin, c. f	3	1	0	1	0
Sullivan, l. f	2	2	2	1	0
Rice, 1st b	1	1	11	0	2
Kent, p	3	2	0	4	0
Troy, 3d b	1	1	1	1	1
Morgan, c	0	0	2	3	0
Kelly, s. s	1	1	0	3	0
Totals	18	16	24	11	4

Alaska	1	2	3	2	4	0	6	0—18
Hudson

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

THE CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a late change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canada, must be prepaid, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending 5 P. M., MONDAY, Nov. 11.

LADIES' LIST.

Ames, Mrs. Pauline
Austin, Cora (of Cosmop. Circus)
Antonio, Tillie (2)
Aiken, Mrs. Julia
Audley, Dley
Adair, Ada
Archer, Lottie
Berrell, Mrs. Mary L.
"Brandon" (2)
Bryant, Nellie
Brooks, Kate
Byron, Lizzie
Blande, Edith
Beaumont, Nellie (2)
Bidworth, Emma (late of Buffalo)
Budworth, Viola
Clark, Nellie (of Reed's Opera Co.)
Crabtree, Lotta
Coleman, Clara (of Colem. Sisters)
Claxton's Agent
Clark-Murray, Ada
Coleman Sisters
Clark, Nellie
Coleman, Mrs. D. W.
Claxton, Kate
De Vare, Lida
Deacon, Miss (p. o. m. London, Eng.)
De Feroo, Mrs. Katie
Davenport, Fannie
Dupre, Madam
Dix Forrest, Josie
Dale, Winifred O.
Declos, Ninon (2)
Dunkern, Delta (late of Shanley's)
Dillon, Louise
Davenport, Maude
Elliott, Lottie (p. o. m. Manchester, Eng.)
Emerson, Dollie
Elliott, Lottie (p. o. m. London, Eng.)
Forrest, Lillian (2)
Fielding, Mrs. Maggie
Fisk, May
Francis, Fannie (dramatic "biz")
Gray, Ada
Gardner, Kittie (Vocalist)
Gomersall, Sadie (2)
Greenwood, May
Gorenflo, Amelia
Grayson, Helen
Gilmore, Alice
Hasson, Nellie
Howard, Louise
Hart, Annie
Howard, Lou
Joice, Louise
Johns, Effie
Kean, Rose (of Harrison's Co.)
Kirby, Adele
Knight, Fannie
Kent Sisters
Lee, Minnie
Lee, Mrs. H. C.
Lee, Pauline
La Verde, Mrs. C. M.
Loder, Minnie
Lucille, Fannie (2)
Lee, Carrie (of Lee Family)
Love, Allie
McGill, Sadie
Moore, Clara
Meehan, Sadie
McCain Sisters
Morrissey, Maude
Mitchell's Agent, Maggie
Markley, Edna
Miranda, Lotta
Marble, Helen A.
Milligan, Miss. Ada
McIntyre, Sallie
Mnab, Mrs. Mattie
Marshall, May
McIntyre, Nellie
Mack (of Schott's Co.)
Nelson, Sara (p. o. m. London, Eng.)
Noble, Florence (of Valade. Fannie
Vavasau, Lou
Wentworth, Carrie
Wesson, Mrs. Louisa 2ic.
Way, Edith
Wright, Nellie
Woods, Annie (vocalist)
Parker, Lizzie (of Parker Sisters) 6c.
Parker, Georgie (of Parker Sisters)
Rogers, Mattie Vickers
Richmond Sisters
Reignolds, Georgia (2)
Raymond, May (vocalist)
Rady, Mrs. Edward
Richmond, Hattie (of Boylston, Mass.)
Remington, Miss D.
Ravel, Mrs. Sophie 3c.
St. Everemond, Emily
Smith, Laura (of May Pusk's Co.)
Stevens, Sara (late of Brougham's Co.)
Sheldon, Mrs. Wm. P.
Stanhope, Adele 6c.
Seymour, Mate
Siegrist, Blanche (of N. Roberts' Co.)
Siddons, Ida (2) 3c.
Spaulding, Georgie
Dean
Schofield, Imogene
Sanderson, Mrs. L.
St. Felix, Clementine
Sargeah, Mrs. Maude
Sheppard, Allie
Seymour, Mattie
Sohn, Mrs. Mary A.
Stetson, Lou
Shanley, Josephine
Talbot, Viola
Taylor, Annie
Leigh
Voss, Carrie
Vain, Cara
Valade. Fannie
Vavasau, Lou
Wentworth, Carrie
Wesson, Mrs. Louisa 2ic.
Way, Edith
Wright, Nellie
Woods, Annie (vocalist)
Zulella, Mad.

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Adams, Grimaldi
Aymar, W. T.
Atkinson, H.
Antonio, Wash 9c.
Avery, C. (of Tony Denier's Co.)
Alphonzo, Jr. (of Alphonzo, Sr.)
Archer, C. (of E. T. Steton's Co.)
"A. A."
Alvienn, D. (of N. Y. Theatre)
Atwood, C. T.
Allen, J. (of Van Amburgh's Circus)
Arlington, Billy
Adams, Chas. (Dutch "biz")
Ackerman, Irene
Bilis, Jacob (musician)
Browne, Jas. (of V. Lofton's Co.)
Bush, Frank
Barry, T. (of Forepaugh's Circus)
Bishop, Major (manager)
Beasley, Jas. (gymnast)
Brown, Col. T. A.
Brickwood, C. (of N. O. Minst.)
Bangs, F. O.
Byron, Ed. (tragedian)
Bradini, Geo.
Bender, F. H. (one-arm-man)
Brooks, W. A.
Brooks, A. R. (actor)
Booth, E. A.
Bennett, Frank
Blanchett, C. E.
Bunter, C. W.
Bosworth, Frank
Barry, Dave
Blake, Geo. (musician)
Chappelle, W. J.
Cohen, Geo
Campbell, Bartley
Clarke, Hoyt
Clinton, Jas. L.
Clark & Edwards
Carter, W. (of Hayerly's Minst.)
Cody, M. (of J. K. Emmet's Co.)
Clifton, F. R.
Cole, W. W.
Chanfrau, F. S.
Cunniton, Ed.
Creston, W. H. (2)
Caverly, R. B.
Canby, C. H. (manager)
Clarke, Jas. (banjo-maker)
Caverly & Irson
Cooke, De Witt
Cooper, W. (of Thompson's Co.)
Carter, Wm. (minstrel)
Cotton, Jr., Ben
Carr, Frank H.
Conrad, Wm. (clown)
Cole, Frank E. (2, Carey & Hart)
Clark, G. (of Kennedy & Clark)
Cresswille, J. A. (2)
Charles, G. W.
Cole, Low
Carrell, John
Dayton, Thos.
Dilman, Chas.
Davidge, Wm. (of Fifth Ave. Co.)
Duncan, Chas. H.
Daly, Augustin
Donnelly, John F
Doane, G. L.
Dowling, Joe J
Dobson, Henry (banjo-maker)
Dockstader, G. R.
Doncley, Chas
Dan Lamont
Dunbar, Clande
De Mott, J. (of N. Y. Circus)
Eldridge, Press
Emerson, Wm. (2)
Eddy, Jas. N.
French, Edwin
Fisher, R. (late of Lo-la Flynn's Co.)
Finley, W. A.
Fairey, Jas.
Forbust & De Paul
Fibson, A. (vocalist)
Florence, W. J.
Fraser, Robt.
Frisse, A.
Foote, W. (of Haverly's Minst.)
Frost, Hyatt 6c.
Frawley, Jas.
Frohman, Gustave
Fowler, T. B.
Ford, T. J.
Francknm, G. W.
Franks, L.
Gillette, C. L.
Gorman, W. (Australian p. o. mark
Gibson, J. (of Gibson & Bisney)
Gulick, J. (of Dupres & Ben. Min.)
Geyer, F. (of Turner & Geyer)
Graham, Wm. B.
Gulick, J. A.
Gaston, Albert (2)
Golden, Sami.
Gardiner, F. A.
Girard, Ed.
Giese, A.
Gallagher, M.
Gladstone, Sam
Goss & Fox
Gardiner, John A.
Geyer, Frank
Gerding, H.
Gaston, Albert 6c.
Gerin, J. (of Gerin & Hayden)
Gorman, D. (or Gorman & Collum)
Gray, W. B.
Gale, Geo. (of H. Robinson's Co.)
Harrington, J. (of Cun & Harr.)
Howell, Mr. (with Parker)
Harris, Charlie
Heywood, Jas.
Harris, J. (of M. Mitchell's Co.)
Herbe t. E. (female imperson.)
Harrison, Frank (manager)
Hunt & Howard
Horton, Wardy
Howard, Billy
Howard, Billy
Hine, Walter
Hassons, The
Hinchliffe, Jas. (of Cole's Circus)
Huber & Allen
Hastings, Geo.
Hennessy, F. (of Hennes. Bros.)
Harris, Chas (Dutch "biz")
Harvell, J. (of Oake's Bros. Co.)
Hewitt, W. H.
Hilton, Ed. P.
Hunter, C. W. (Irish "biz")
Higgins, Lewis
Jones, Arnold (2)
Hennigs, J. W. (musician)
Joachim, (humorist)
Jackson, Thos.
Jasper, Clinton
Jefferson, Tommy
Jones, J. (2)
Kerr, C. (of Kendall's Com. Co.)
Kidder, C. W. (3)
Kurtz, G. (of Kurtz & Forepaugh)
Keeshin, C. H.
Kernen, J. F. (acrobat)
Levantine, F. F.
Little, Chas.
Lowery, Chas. (hurdle-rider)
Lenards, The
Leslie, John (Aerial artist)
Lenton, Frank
Lenton, John
Lorella, J. C.
Lewis, Cyrus A.
Lee, H. G.
Linden, Fred (leader)
Lyle, W. E.
Linton, Guy
Lowande, A.
Lee, Mrs. H. C.
Moreland, A. C.
Mingle, Ben
Murphy, J. (of Kerry Gow Co.)
Mackley, Dave
Mulligan & Weaver
McDonald, Jas (late of Snelling)
McCaslin, Chas (manager)
Maxwell, Johnny
Mortimer, A.
Mallon, A. A. 6c.
Murphy, J. (of Murphy & Mack)
Melcolmson, Jas.
Mulligan & Morris (2)
Murphy, G. (of Murphy & Shannon) "Manager" (4)
Markiaw, M. Maix
Mr. Melchior
Un. Tom's st. Co.
Magee, C. (of Mulleu & Magee)
Mack, F. (of Harry Comedian)
Wilson, Harry
Wheeler, Billy
Wade, J. (of Pullman & Har's. Co.)
Walker, T. (of A. Robinson's Co.)
Worthington, W. (of Henry V Co.)
Wilson, Robt. G.
Wood, J. West
Welsh, C. (of Continental 3)
Warren, John E.
Wise, Col. J. H.
Ryan, T. (of Haley & Ryan)
Richardson, Chas. H.
Robbins, Burr
Ronaldo, Harry (2)
Ryan, T. J. (of Kelly & Neary)
Rudolfo, Sig.
Nobles, Milton
Numm, Fred
O'Neill, John K.
O'Beardon, Prof.
O'Dale, Wm.
Pierson, H. (of Lottie Comb.)
Parker, Jas.
Paddock, H. (of M. Mitchell's Co.)
Parks, J. J.
Pierpoint (of Am. Museum)
Parmelee, J. (late N. Y. Circus)
Petit, F. (of Van Amburgh's Cir.)
Polk, D. F.
Platt, Chas. (of G. F. & Am. Circus)
Piercy, S. W.
Pym, H. (late of H. Deakin's Co.)
Peak, W. (of Peak Family)
Pozzen, Primo.
Parento, L. D.
Pilgrim, Jas.
Peay, John
Perrine, Mr. (of Bellomo's Co.)
Pollard, Prof.
Parker, L. (of The Parkers)
Phillips, Jos.
Parmelee, H. E.
Quaglieni, Sebastian
Reilly, John (Irish "biz") (2) 13c.
Reynolds, G. C.
Robinson, C. (with Swiss Bell R.)
Russell, L. (of Blodgett's Comb.)
Ronaldo, H. (late of Trimble's)
Ross, D. O.
Rice, Col. J. H.
Ryan, T. (of Haley & Ryan)
Richardson, Chas. H.
Robbins, Burr
Ronaldo, Harry (2)
Ryan, T. J. (of Kelly & Neary)
Rickard, M. C. (agent)
Ronaldo, Geo.
Ripley & Reeds
Simons, J. A. (manager)
Sarcney, Walters & Kelly
Sarakosch, Mr.
Sharpley Bros.
Sheeran, Jas.
Sherman, W. H.
Smith, W. A. T.
Somers, Jas. L.
Sullivan, Dan Morris
Swain, Sam C. (2)
Strackhouse, H. (of Forepaugh's Co.)
Squires, Louis P.
Stanhope, Wm. (Dollar-Store)
Squires, A. P.
Sanford, J. L. (2)
Sprague, Z. W.
St. Elmo, Prof.
Scott, Jas. A. (of Pittsburg, Pa.)
Showles, J. J.
Springer, S. B.
Snedigar, Prof. F.
Straight, Ned
Sarcney, Gilbert
Siedler, Chas.
Stuart, Ed. (of CrispSister's Co.)
Seymour, Bert H.
Stevenson, C. (of Pink Dom. Co.)
Suydams, The
Shonds, Jas.
Stevens, John A.
Skiff, M. T. (of Hyers Sist. Co.)
Schiel, C. S.
Stille, S. Y.
Sanyeah, Sam
Spencer & Bennett
Sarazie, D. J.
Sellon, J. (of Sellon & Burns)
Stetson, E. T.
Tribble, Harry
Topack & Long
Thompson, Harry
Treville, Walter
Tudor, John (of John & Amy)
Vanderbilt, Frank
Vaughan, Harry
Vincent, Felix A.
Vogler, Otto
Van Warner, G. H.
Warshaw, Wash
Wood, Geo. (bone-solos)
Willis, Frank E.
Webber, Harry (comedian)
Wilson, Harry
Wheeler, Billy
Wade, J. (of Pullman & Har's. Co.)
Walker, T. (of A. Robinson's Co.)
Worthington, W. (of Henry V Co.)
Wilson, Robt. G.
Wood, J. West
Welsh, C. (of Continental 3)
Warren, John E.
Wise, Col. J. H.
Watson, Prof. W.
Welsh, Morris & Harris
Walker, Thos. J. (2)
Wray, Ralph
Wentworth, H. (of M. Nobles' Co.)
Williams, Dave (comedian) (6c.)
Woolcott, Leon
Ward, W. (of Dupres & Ben. Min.)
Williams, J. H. (properties)
Wood, Prof.
Willis, Fred
Waterfield, Chas. (vocalist)
Zulella, Mad.

THERE ARE TWO LETTERS in the Sacramento (Cal.) Post-office addressed to E. E. Redsford, care Frank B. Haworth, Manager Lena Tettenborn.

INTRODUCTORY.

MONDAY, Nov. 11, 1878.

A political cyclone swept over the great moral city of New York on Tuesday, Nov. 5, just as we had predicted, and those who crossed the path of this besom of destruction were struck down like chaff before the wind, or like grass before the sweep of the scythe-bearer. *After* the blow, those who escaped declared that it was no great shakes after all, and that the "City of the Soul" would rise again in her might, staunch and true, and be more powerful than ever after passing through such a scathing ordeal. The theatrical situation was more or less affected while this elemental strife was in progress, but not to the extent that had been anticipated; and, now that the skies are clear again, the debris cleared away, and all signs of the fierce conflict removed, we may look for an improvement in business generally, and innocent recreation will be among the first to feel a revivifying influence. We are not aware that any of our professional friends put themselves forward as candidates for political preferment, and consequently there is no disappointment among the rank and file of the great army of histrions. The actor rarely aspires to political position, rarely takes an active part in the discussion of an election campaign, and exercises the functions of a free and independent voter by quietly depositing his ballot where it will do the most good. And so, having been witnesses of a fair up-and-up fight, having seen the successful candidates fairly counted in, and the defeated ones acknowledging the corn and defeat in the most graceful manner, we close the polls for a twelvemonth and a day, and raise the curtain on those pleasing scenes and actions of mimic life of which the public never seems to tire.....We are promised new deals at several local establishments this week, foremost among which may be mentioned the opening of an engagement by Edwin Booth at the Fifth-avenue Theatre, and the long-promised appearance of Mme. Gerster at the Academy of Music. Both houses will doubtless be well filled while these engagements continue. We are likewise promised a new English-opera troupe at the St. James' Theatre, where, until quite recently, variety entertainments have been offered as attractions.....The growler, no matter of what unfortunate class he may form a part, is sure to run himself out in the end, and meet with his just deserts. The latest, and perhaps the most important instance of the kind may be found in the case of Wendell Phillips, who, on Thursday evening last, in the Philadelphia Academy of Music, delivered a lecture entitled "The Yardstick—Who Shall Make It?" The lecture might more appropriately be called "A Political Growl;" his remarks, at times, eliciting not only applause, but evident marks of disapprobation, which culminated in the "silver-tongued orator" retiring amid a storm of hisses.....Sardou is said to have ready for the American market a play called "Golddust." What American managers most desire to know is, will "Golddust" *produce* golddust?.....Jos. Emmet, who closed a most successful engagement at the Standard Theatre on Friday evening, Nov. 8, went out in an electric blaze of glory, manager and star alike coming in for the congratulations of their mutual friends. Joseph and his brethren now start out on a new campaign, and fortunate are those managers who have booked the popular "Fritz" for a date.....Ever since last week, when we announced that Chicago had on exhibition a girl thirteen months old who weighs seventy-seven pounds, St. Louis has been burning with jealousy. It is partly, therefore, with a view to pacifying St. Louis, that we offer this little strain

ON THE FAT BABY.

But thirteen months, and yet she turns
The scales at seventy-seven!
She'd surely break the golden stair
If she were called to heaven.
And if she came from out the east,*
Ah, what a lump she'd leaven!
But, springing from the West, no doubt,
Her weighs will be past finding out.

[* The reason why you may not see this at once is that you have to supply a y in order to carry out our clever conceit. By reading it rapidly you may make it sound "out of the y-east"—which will at once raise the point to a discernible level.—ED.]....Strawberries being somewhat out of season, festivals of that persuasion have long since ceased to be among the dear brethren and sisterhood of the church; but it is gratifying to know that our dear friends "come up smiling" when informed that the oyster banquet waits, and that the cup that cheers but not inebriates exhorts the pious sampler to come and partake. These little reunions are very pleasant, and seldom fail to bring "Grist to the Mill." Let us be ready to give them our support and encouragement....Intelligence has been disseminated that a celebrated actress has just received from Paris a stage-dress which will "stand her in," in her stocking-feet, fourteen hundred and fifty dollars! This leaves very painful room for doubt as to the baleful influence. For why? Already we hear of other celebrated actresses sending to Paris for dresses to cost fourteen hundred and seventy-five dollars! thus laying over the cost of the other by *twenty-five dollars*, and making thereby the lady of the first part miserably unhappy. How different it is with our burlesque actresses! Dress never troubles them—the more style the less it says.....So it appears, after all, that the Chinamen had a reason for rioting in that San Francisco theatre. Sam Yup's company didn't come up to the required standard, and Wah Long, the star, failed to shine with true celestial lustre. We came into possession of this secret by discovering the appended lines on the back of our laundry bill last week. It is perhaps unnecessary to add that our laundryman, Ching Loo, is a fellow-countryman of Wah Long's.

CHING LOO'S VERSION OF IT.

Mellican man he makee fuss,
Send round copee takee us,
Allee same we kickee up muss
Inside the Chinese Theatre.
Guess if Melican man got show
He'd do the samee, not wely slow;
For when Wah Long he was no good,
We makee war longee as we could;
And when Sam Yup he say get out,
We allee send Sam up the spout,
Allee same Chinese Theatre!

.....The great Dundreary comes up like a giant refreshed—though "crushed again," he will rise again, and go on with his acting just as though his physician had never ordered him to halt. And the public will be glad to learn that Mr. Sothern is out of a serious character part, for, not calculated to interfere with his engagements. Good enough!.....Among the first appearances at Tony Pastor's last week was Waterfield, character vocalist and instrumentalist. We call your attention to the real name of the gentleman because "Our Jim"—who was present on the opening night—is not to the stranger a good friend. Waterfield? Had we not nipped this thing at once, the "Great English Waterwheel" would have gone round with the vocalist. Not only this, but the wicked boy, on being told that the Kine Brothers would also appear, imprudently asked: "What kind of Kine are they, anyway?" We must request managers to refuse Jim admission to their houses until he learns how to conduct himself properly. It should be said in extenuation, however, that James went into the pools on Tammany, got over his head, and was unable to swim out, unassisted.....Modjeska has "lit out." The Countess has no cause to complain of the attention bestowed upon her in New York, and we shall be pleased to see her again when her Sargent shall direct her to move on the citadel. [There is really no citadel for her to move onto; but the word sounds well, and let's one down easily where there is no definite shape to what one is writing.—ED.] By universal request we crave the indulgence of our friends while we indite a few lines of poetry to

THE LAST OF THE BOZENTA.

O Mrs. Modjeska, Mrs. Modjeska!
Bright are the smiles and coral thy lips,
Which many a man would have died to have prest yet,
Or drunk in the sweets of love's honeyed sips.
Now, when you come back from the provinces dreary,
And long for the hearts which have kept you so trim,
Oh, think of the one who is soul sick and weary,
Or similar emotions, of yours truly, "Our Jim."

.....Among the business-cards in last week's CLIPPER was one that deserved more than ordinary notice. It was the advertisement of "Capper's Baggage Express" of Winchester, Va., in which the worthy proprietor announced that baggage entrusted to him would be "*handled carefully.*" This is so "different from all the rest," that we think particular attention should be called to the fact. And this is not intended for a "capper," either.....It was not a misfit when George S. Knight tacked on to the title of his new play "Otto—a German," because thousands of our foreign relations are drawn to the Broadway just to see who this German is. George and Sophie draw well together. Shakespeare had the Worrell Family in view when he made that cunning revelation being: "All the Worrell's a stage!".....Some of the traveling errors that "took in the Flats" this Fall are a little undecided whether, in fact, they took in the *fairs*, or the fairs took *them* in. Well, when we see such a giant concern as the Glasgow Bank failing for thirty millions, we should not censure the boys for going under for a hundred and fifty dollars or so. That was honest to stop just there. They might have gone on, like the Glasgow concern, and dropped out with liabilities amounting to thirty or forty millions; but honesty was their best policy, and see what suffering was prevented. The boys may not be very wealthy, but they're good.....A wide-awake correspondent is respectfully informed that it is rather too early to decide whether Tammany Hall will be converted into a skating-rink, a Chinese theatre, or remain as an Indian wigwam with beer attachments. Even Mr. Tammany himself doesn't know what he will do with it.....That poor elephant up at Barnum's ought to have somebody to defend her. Ever since she crawled out of that hole on bales of hay the newspapers have been talking about it as if it were really something astonishing. And yet what is more natural, when a person gets into a tight place, than to be bailed out? Hay?.....Yes; and while we're dealing with the circus, we'll seize the opportunity to sing you a little song about the dashing equestrienne—who invented that word?—who is to be seen in conjunction with the elephant. Here it is:

EQUESTRIAN LINES.

A word in secret let us speak:
So well her riding seems to take,
That others in the ring will seek
To emulate Miss Emma Lake!

.....The more we read about the lightning-calculator's efforts as an evangelist, the deeper becomes our interest in his welfare. We touched upon him gently last week, you remember; but we were not then prepared to solve such an unusual problem. We've got it now. Mr. Hutchings will hereafter figure in the pulpit, and this is

WHY HE WILL FIGURE.

He fain would add to all our joys,
Subtract from all our sorrows,
Divide the evil which alloys,
And multiply our morrows.
He cares not if the minuend
Or subtrahend be bigger—
'Tis now alone the latter end
On which he's called to figure.
In fact, he feels 'twere sin so sweet
To prove twice four are seven,
As 'tis to guide the erring feet,
And carry one to heaven!

FACT AND FANCY FOCUSED.

A "kinder-orchestra," comprising twenty-five children from six to twelve years of age, is to give a concert at Steinway Hall on Dec. 3. The director is to be Miss Annie M. Kessler, a young pianist who during the past Summer was a volunteer performer for the benefit of the Floating Hospital of St. John's Guild.....Minnie Hauk was announced to sell bouquets and perfumes for the benefit of the table of St. Agnes Church, at the Cathedral Fair, during the afternoon and night of Nov. 9.....Sunday, Oct. 20, was the fiftieth anniversary of Mme. Clara Schumann's first appearance in public as a pianist. On Oct. 20, 1828, she, then nine years of age, played at a concert in the Gewandhaus, Leipsic.....Louisville, Ky., has a Modjeska Club. On the night of Nov. 8, at Masonic Temple, it co-operated in a benefit tendered Mrs. Alice Dodd of that city.....A. J. Leavitt is petitioning Boston for a license to open a variety theatre at its North End.....Charles B. Broadwell of Cincinnati, O., has been engaged as agent for Fanny Louise Buckingham.....In Italy, two young and popular dancers, Miles. Lucie and Juliette Mille, have abandoned dancing for the lyric drama. Miss. Lucie has made her debut as Marguerite in "Faust," while Mlle. Juliette has appeared as Oscar the page in "Ballo in Maschera," both at the Politeama, Genoa. The local critics of the city are enthusiastic in praise of both.....Mme. Giacinta Gualtieri Pezzana and her Italian dramatic troupe sailed from this city for Hamburg, in the steamship Wieland, on Nov. 8. The troupe numbers sixteen artists. They are to perform in Berlin this Winter. It is evident that Mme. Pezzana will not play Hamlet in the theatre this year.....An organ, built by George Jardine & Sons for Girard College, Philadelphia, was exhibited on Nov. 6 at No. 318 East Thirty-ninth street, this city, in the presence of a number of organists and musicians. It has thirty-three stops and five combination pedals. Besides the ordinary stops, there are a "clarinet," a string stop; a "Quintadence;" a "Gamba flute," imitating an orchestral flute, and a "Corno-di-Bassetto." The case is built so as to show all the pipes in symmetrical groups.....Jeanne and Louise Bousse, the child piano-players who some time ago created a sensation in London, Eng., have arrived here. The youngest (Jeannie) has been engaged by Colonel Mapleson to appear in a series of concerts in this country.....Lester Wallack has become the Shepherd of the Lambs, the office of Shepherd of the Flock being held by Henry J. Montague.....Ida Estelva Hutchings is the name of a twenty-five-year-old New York lady who by inspiration is her own poet, and has, besides the gift of vocal song and the power of healing, the talent of playing the violin, guitar, harp and the comedian of pain by the simple touch of her fingers. She is of medium height, as well as a spiritual medium.....Knight Aston was to have made his first appearance as a "Reception and Serenade were given Edouard Remenyi at the Hotel Liszt, this city, on the night of Nov. 9.....On the 12th the French opera-bouffe troupe at Booth's Theatre will give a performance for the benefit of the yellow-fever sufferers.....Miss Marie Litton (N. J.) Opera-house, now being remodeled and furnished anew, is to be opened about Dec. 1, with George Caldwell as stage-manager.....Miss Chinese Fay is starring in England under American management. Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Howard, whose family made the fame of this drama, sit with folded arms at Cambridge, Mass.....The late Rachel Phelps Cheney, wife of Benjamin P. Cheney, of Boston, left a property of dramatic life, beginning with his Count de Valmont at the Olympic Theatre, London, was more than usually eventful, had no equal as the representative of Lord Chesterfield, Colonel Chinstrap, Hallaby dressed up that character anew in a drama in which between 1868 and 1871 Phelps impersonated James and Trapbois at several London theatres, inclusive of Astley's. Probably the grandest epoch in Phelps' career was the tour he made in Germany nearly twenty years ago, and notably his long engagement in Berlin. This was as a Shakespearian actor. Saturday matinee. Phelps essayed all the prominent roles, both grave and comic, in every acting play of Shakespeare's but two. He had a son (Edmund) of much promise as a tragedian. He made his debut as Uiric in "Werner," trod the boards for ten years, and then left Miss Hudspeth a widow.

CITY SUMMARY.

CHARLES WATERFIELD made his American debut at Tony Pastor's Theatre Nov. 4. He is a fair type of the average music-hall vocalist, and labored under the disadvantage of singing some selections filled with popular phrases which had no significance on this side of the Atlantic, and consequently they were pointless. He also played three variations of "The Bluebells of Scotland" on a very small whistle, quite skillfully; but the feature lacked novelty. The audience gave him a cordial reception. Charles and Annie Whiting's musical specialties, especially the latter's performances upon a trombone, pleased. Georgina Smithson sang a number of songs with changes of costume which evoked applause. W. Henry Rice in his burlesque female impersonations introduced a considerable amount of fresh conversation while depicting the peculiarities of frisky colored damsels, which kept the audience in an almost constant state of laughter. He also acted in the closing sketch of "Man and Wife." Emile and Pauline Ames scored a success in a sketch called "The Return from the War," in which Emile, of diminutive figure, gave a comical and clever impersonation of an old plantation negro, while Pauline appeared as an elderly lady with uncorked face, and, after a rapid change of make-up and style, as a youthful negro girl with great agility. Pauline and Pondmore for singing and dancing. Clara and Helen Courtland's vocal duets were apparently much relished, and their comely appearance, combined with their well-shaped, richly-attired figures, added to the effect of their act. James and Barney Kine, who have for many years been identified with minstrel troupes, gave reminiscences of the old-time style of playing the banjo, bones and tambourine, introducing some clever juggling feats with the latter, which seem to have been abandoned by more modern performers of this class. Sheehan and Jones repeated their specialty of "The Ash-box Inspectors," causing uproarious laughter; and John McVeigh acted Bob in the opening sketch of "A Woman of Few Words." Besides the above, which comprised the fresh appearances, Kelly and Ryan gave fresh character-sketches, and Tony Pastor sang a number of popular songs, which were greeted with applause. Business good.

BUSINESS continued prosperous at the Theatre Comique last week. "Our Lawmakers" being retained as the chief feature. The preceding drolls, the newcomers included the three Leotards, who performed a series of daring and graceful acrobatic feats without any of the balks too frequently seen in similar acts; Sarony gave a brief but excellent caricature of female impersonators in general, eliciting screams of laughter, and later in the evening appeared, in conjunction with Waters and Kelly, in a laughable act called "The Dancing Quakers;" De Witt Cooke juggled three Indian clubs very deftly; Waters and Kelly in a new song-and-dance called "Odd and Easy Style" made a hit; Fagan and Fenton in white faces sang and danced most nimbly, and varied their act by making some astonishingly rapid changes of costume, eschewing a marked success; Frank Mara's Irish character songs and dancing also secured favor. The other acts were John Shay in "The Live Indian," songs by Minnie Lee, dancing by Kitty O'Neil, and John Wild in the sketch of "Father and Son."

"THE DELUGE" was withdrawn at Niblo's Garden Nov. 9, having been played to a fair business during the past week, when the following changes were made in the cast: Frank Tannehill acted Satan instead of Charles Pope, J. F. Peters played Cain and Tubal, and J. F. Herne Moloch.

AT THE BOWERY THEATRE Rose Eytinge and Cyril Searle achieved so great a success in "Rose Michel" Nov. 4 that no change was made in the programme during the remainder of the week. The pantomime of "The Frisky Cobbler" was played with the drama.

STANLEY DUNT has changed his mind, and will not return to this city from England to become the business-manager of the new Folly Theatre.

J. J. SULLIVAN has been engaged to play Marignan with Lotta on her forthcoming tour of the country.

MR. AND MRS. GEORGE S. KNIGHT began an engagement in the Broadway Theatre Nov. 4, acting in Fred Marsden's four-act drama entitled "Otto, a German," which has become familiar to our readers through numerous reviews by our correspondents in those cities where it has been performed during the past two seasons. Mr. Knight displayed fair dramatic ability in giving an effective impersonation of the hero, Otto Rutger; but it must be admitted that his introduced specialties, in some of which he was assisted by his wife, were the chief attractions of the performance. Although some of these interrupted the action of the drama, they were so mirth-provoking and elicited so much applause that that fault was condoned. The "handolin solo," the Tyrolean duet 'Der Wasserfall," sung in the German language by Mr. and Mrs. Knight, "One of the Boys," one or two songs-and-dances, the recitation of "The Water-mill," and the "fit-scene" were the most prominent and successful of the interpolations. Mrs. Knight, as Sophie Worrell, has lost none of her old-time powers of pleasing, and she invested the character of Lizette with considerable dash and exuberance of spirits. Her vocalization of popular ballads found favor with the spectators. The support was by their own combination, which accompanies them on their tour of the country. W. M. Ward gave an excellent portrayal of Gottlieb Muller, the rich old brewer, upon whose shoulders a goodly portion of the burden of the plot rests, his manner being easy and dignified, while his make-up was so natural as to almost defy detection. John A. Mackay as the youthful lover Dick Freely achieved a respectable success. C. T. Nichols had a very disagreeable character to portray in Casper Becks; yet he made the villainous attributes of it as little offensive as possible. Matthew Holmes acted the little part of Benjamin Freely, an eccentric old man, quite effectively. Walter Bronson as the foppish youth Adolph Morton deserves creditable mention. W. H. Partello gave a capital bit of character acting as old Bill, a workman in Muller's brewery. Miss Eva G. Barker's beauty of face and figure, combined with her intelligent delivery of the dialogue, enhanced the importance of Christine, a not overstrong character. The voluble Mrs. Freely, who propounds half-a-dozen questions in a breath without giving any opportunity for reply, was capitally acted by Mrs. Van Deren. The piece was well mounted, the landscape scene representing Muller's house and grounds, with a glimpse of the brewery, being a feature of the brewery in the first act, and that representing the interior of the brewery in the third act being especially commendable. The attendance was the largest thus far this season. Wednesday matinees are to be given hereafter, commencing Nov. 13.

LOTTA drew large-sized audiences to the Park Theatre last week to witness her merry antics in "La Cigale."

GEORGE EDGAR is shortly to make his metropolitan debut, playing in "King Lear," and later in "Othello."

"ALMOST A LIFE" was produced at the Standard Theatre Saturday night, Nov. 9, in the presence of an audience which filled the auditorium in every part and overflowed into the vestibule. This dramatic version, in seven scenes and six acts, of one of Emile Gaboriau's novels, was originally acted, under the title of "Two Loves," in Providence, R. I., Oct. 17, and repeated 18, 19, by the Standard Theatre company while on a provincial tour. At that time the story of its plot and a review of the acting of the various persons in the cast were given in THE CLIPPER. The cast here was as follows: Avisie Doranche, betrothed to Jules, Miss Maud Granger; Countess Melanie Clairnot, Miss Rose Osborne; Marchioness De Bonneval, Miss Virginia Buchanan; Francine, Miss Carlotta Evelyn; Madelaine, Miss Sadie Bigelow; Mechinette, Miss Ellie Thorne; Jules De Bonneval, Eben Plympton; Dr. Saumaise, H. A. Weaver; M. Jerome, Gustavus Levick; Count Ernest Clairnot, Harry Eytinge; M. Manuel, B. F. Ringgold; Phillipe, Ben Maginley; Colinet, Chas. Declercq; M. Doumas, Walter Kendall; Doranche, E. H. Stephens; Antoine, A. G. Enos; Durant, W. Miller; Gautier, J. Hammond; Berincourt, L. Weaver; Gendarme, R. Munroe. The original cast varied from the above thus: J. M. Randall acted Count Ernest, May Davenport Avisie Doranche, Mrs. J. W. Brutone the Marchioness, and Rose Wilson Francine. Much care and attention had been bestowed upon the mounting of the piece by Manager Henderson, the scenery reflecting great credit upon the artist, J. S. Schell, while the new mechanism by J. S. Rough, new properties by James Brabyn, and new music by Ernest Neyer, were in all respects satisfactory. Harry Eytinge gave a creditable impersonation of Count Ernest. Maud Granger's portrayal of Avisie Doranche was intelligent, and not lacking in force and pathos, while the more impassioned scenes; and with Miss Buchanan and Miss Wilson in their respective roles no fault can be found. It is difficult to say whether the piece achieved success or not, judging from this single representation, as several of the performers were suffering from nervousness or overanxiety. It will be continued until further notice. J. K. Emmet closed his engagement 8, and there was no matinee 9.

THE LAST NIGHTS OF "Herald Personals" at the San Francisco Minstrels are announced.

LIZZIE MARCELLUS, the Langlois Brothers, Willie O'Dale and Signor Sebastian are to reinforce the company of Barnum's Circus this week.

GUS WILLIAMS (his first appearance this season), Sam and Carrie Swain (their first appearance since their return from Europe), Frank Bush, Queen and Bell, Jennie Hughes and Smith and Byrne are the arrivals at Tony Pastor's Theatre Nov. 11.

ROSE EYTINGE and Cyril Searle continue another week in the Bowery Theatre, now acting in "Oliver Twist."

MR. AND MRS. J. C. WILLIAMSON (Maggie Moore) began an engagement in the Grand Opera-house Nov. 4, and during the week acted in "Struck Oil" and "The Chinese Question" to a numerous attendance. Mrs. Williamson sang several fresh songs, which were enthusiastically received.

THIS WILL BE the last week save one of Lotta's engagement in the Park Theatre, as Robson and Crane open Nov. 25 as the two Dromios in "The Comedy of Errors."

F. SHERIDAN and Alecia Jourdan, El Nino Eddie, Quilter and Goldrich, Fanny Davenport, Prof. A. W. Sawyer, Dave Oaks, Algebrame Urabe, and Devlin and Tracy are the arrivals at the Theatre Comique Nov. 11.

OLIVER DOUD BYRON begins an engagement in Niblo's Garden Nov. 11, acting in "Across the Continent."

"ORRO," with Mr. and Mrs. Knight, will continue to be the attraction at the Broadway Theatre another week.

EDWIN BOOTH commences a five weeks' engagement in the Fifth-avenue Theatre Nov. 11, acting in "Hamlet," which will be repeated 12, 13, and matinee 16. "Othello" will be acted 14, 15, 16.

AT THE VOLKS' GARDEN the company now includes Dashing Charley, Iona Lang, Roselle, Sam Martin, Frank Livingston, Lyda Rosa, Kelly and Weston, Alice Gilroy and De Forest, the Delmannings, and Dave Mack.

MUSICAL NOTES.—The Italian-opera season continues at the Academy of Music, but Her Majesty's opera has made but a second rate

FROM BOSTON our customary report of theatrical matters, dated Nov. 10, is as appended:

Our theatres have not entirely recovered from the effects of the excitement attendant upon our annual election, though an improvement in business has been noticeable, and when tranquil ity has been entirely restored our places of amusement are likely to be the first to feel the reaction. The best and largest business of the week was done in the little Gaiety Theatre, where the New York Park Theatre Company appeared, commencing Nov. 4, in "Old Love Letters," and "Hurricane," which were well received and heartily enjoyed by large and delighted audiences. Mrs. Booth and James Lewis are old favorites in Boston, and the reception accorded each was flattering. Mr. Whiting will also be remembered by our older theatre-goers as a member of E. F. Keach's companies during the first two seasons of its management at the Boston Museum, in 1860-61. He returns a finished and capable actor. George W. Stoddart recalls the old long bills of the National Theatre and the early days of the present Boston Theatre. The newer comers, Frank Sanger, Helen Sedgwick and Marie Chesterman, have made good impressions. The stage was nicely set and arranged for both pieces, and the cosy and compact house was admirably suited to display all the fine points of the acting, which in a larger theatre would be mainly lost. The same bill will be given the present week, and on 18 Blanche Meda and her combination commence a week's engagement in "Won at Last." The powerful acting and the merits of the drama of "Diplomacy" have been a brother of Terry Ferguson of Ferguson and Flynn, and was well known among old-time professionals.

IN MEMORY OF JOHN B. FERGUSON.

Weep not for him—he was too pure
For such a world as this;
No human spot of guilt had dared to mar
His spirit's holiness.
But sinless as the golden flowers
That fragrance yield in tropic bowers,
Or the bright gems that span the sky,
His few but joyous years went by.

Weep not for him—his life was like
Long months of polar light,
That glide in tasteless beauty on,
Undarkened by the night.
He lived not to behold the dearth
Of friendship at the social hearth,
Or with a crushed and baffled heart
To bid Hope's darling dreams depart.

Weep not for him—the glorious bands
Of heaven surround him now;
The wreath of immortality
Sits smiling on his brow.
Oh, rather give thy tears to those
O'er whom long life it's shadow throws;
Whose cares and griefs and follies must
Weigh down the spirit to the dust.

BY HIS SISTER LIZZIE.

SERGEANT CAPELLE, who recently closed a successful engagement in this city, can be engaged to appear in his drill specialty, sharp-shooting and military scenic performances. Address applying to him, Fitzgerald & Co., as per card.

HEYWOOD BROS.' COMPANY played in Bristol, R. I., Nov. 4, Fall River, Mass., 6, Taunton 8, New Bedford 9, and are booked in Portsmouth, N. H., for Thanksgiving night.

THE ADELPHI THEATRE, Bradford, Pa., has collapsed.

AT THE ELM CITY VARIETIES the company last week included Ed. Marsden, Zegrino and Legab, Mabel Stanley, Fred Warren, Little Georgie, Clark and McNish, Mary Rice, Frank Bell, Lydia Rosa, Mlle. Peolo's statue artists, and the Perry Brothers.

ROLLIN HOWARD'S COMPANY will commence a traveling season Nov. 18, when they open at the Metropolitan Theatre, Newark, N. J. They are to perform in Jersey City the week commencing 25, and then travel for five weeks through an Eastern circuit. The company will include Josephine Shanley, Winetta Craven, Kittie Elberts, May Hawthorne, Nellie Edwards, Angie Arnott, Blanche Gilson, Benj. Perry, Frank Lewis, Joe Magrew, Thomas C. Hedges, Hiram Crooms, Ned Oliver, Wood Benson, Tom Murray and Rollin Howard. Managers having open dates are requested to address J. M. Burke, business-manager, as per advertisement. Geo. A. Sawin is the general agent, and Will Alexander press-agent.

BUSINESS at the Milwaukee (Wis.) Theatre last week was good. The new faces were Mlle. Alphonzo, dancing barrel; Blanche Granger, serio-comic; Grace Railla in recitations and dances; Gerin and Hayden in Dutch specialties; and Capt. J. M. Rainbolt in rifle-shooting. There is a marked improvement in the orchestra under the new leader, Mr. Florence. Performances every day, afternoons and evenings. Announcements for Nov. 11: Add Weaver Jr., Dan Mason, Prof. Rhinehardt and dogs, Fred Berry and wife, Enid Hart, John and Kitty Taylor. Departures 9: Virginia Ross, Detroit; Louisa Bliss, Cincinnati; Ida Vincent and Jas. Sullivan, Chicago.

BUSINESS was the rule last week at the Folly Theatre, Syracuse, N. Y. Jimmy and Dollie Emmerson, to Rochester, and Grace Coyle, for Buffalo, left 9. The new faces billed for 11 are G. W. Hunter, Nellie Byron, Low Harre, and Emma Andrews.

J. J. L. advertises for a person to cultivate a young man's voice for female impersonations.

AT THE BISMARCK (D. T.) OPERA-HOUSE Little Etolia, song-and-dance, and Joe Bignon, clog and song-and-dance, opened Nov. 5. Departures: Carrie Foster, to Yankton, and Gus Rivers, no date. The company includes Pans Le Petre, Libbie Maretta and Charles A. Keene.

A HEAVY rain did not prevent a large attendance from greeting Nick Rogers' "New Humpy Dumpty" Troupe in Fort Wayne, Ind., Nov. 6. Our correspondent says: "Everything worked nicely, the specialties being fresh, racy and taking. Jennie Miaco did a pretty song-and-dance, as also did Annie Fox. The event of the evening was the first appearance here of the Siegrist Children, who were four times encored. A new feature was the introduction of trained dogs, fourteen in number, are advertised for sale.

A CORNET-PLAYER and several specialty performers are wanted for the Heywood Brothers' Quadrupanthecon. See card. They would like to hear from a Japanese troupe.

MAY FISK'S ENGLISH BLONDES played in Columbus, O., the past week, to reported large business.

MILLIE AMMIE, the only daughter of Dave and Annie Williams, died of membranous croup Oct. 25, in Calvert, Texas. She was born Aug. 30, 1875.

Our little Ammie has gone to rest,
To reign with God forever blest.
We could not wish her back again,
But say: Dear babe, with God remain.

WM. A. HUNTLEY, banjoist, who performed last week at the Howard Athenæum, is favorably noticed by Boston papers, as will be seen by extracts published in another column. His time is all filled until Jan. 20, 1879.

AT THE METROPOLITAN, Newark, N. J., business has been first-class. The arrivals announced for 11 are Mlle. Marie Zoe, with drama, Flora Moore, Kana Satsuma, Harry Osborne and Fanny Wentworth, Gibson and Binney, and Fields and Hanson. Departures 9: Quilter and Goldrich, Carrie Lavarnie and Sid C. France, to New York; Jas. Heagne, to Baltimore; and Miss Ada Sanburn, to Brooklyn.....At Ward's Opera-house business has been good. D. J. Warren and Lottie Wilson, with drama, Howard and Thompson, Prof. Garowe, John and Verona Carroll, and the Continental three—Welsh, Morris and Harris are billed. Foreman and Gallagher left 9 for Philadelphia; also Vergie Marshall and Harry Shay, to New Haven; Malone and Carroll, to Brooklyn; and the Bernards, to New York.

AT THE COMIQUE, Toledo, O., business was good last week. No departures. Opening 11: C. O. and Minnie Seamon and Carrie Wentworth.

AT THE METROPOLITAN THEATRE, Louisville, Ky., the features last week were Geo. A. Hill in the drama entitled "Serpent's Sting;" Charles Gilfidden in Ethiopian delineations; Edith Lyle in specialties; Miss Violetta and the Holland Bros., gymnasts and hat-spinners; Nellie Thorne, serio-comic; Howard and Alton, German comedians; and the Nolan Brothers in songs-and-dances. Departures Nov. 9: Howard and Alton, to St. Louis; Nolan Bros., George Hill, Mlle. Violetta and the Holland Bros., to Cincinnati; Nellie Thorne, disengaged. Arrivals Nov. 11: Prof. Parker and dogs, Albion Bros., George Thompson.....Manager Borden has covered Woodlaw Garden with a roof, and has made it a comfortable place to visit. He has also fitted up the dancing-hall as a concert-room, and every Sunday Eichorn's orchestra of forty pieces give entertainments. People booked for Nov. 10: Tommy Jefferson, the Springers, Hall and De Bar, Miss Annie Harrison, Miss Fanny Douglas, Miss Ella Golden, Johnny Leslie, the La Chasse Bros. and Gus Carroll.....Davis Operahouse, which is nearly completed, is to open Dec. 16. Rumor says that Fred Felton, late stage-manager of the Metropolitan, will be the manager.

AT MILLER'S WINTER GARDEN, Philadelphia, the new faces Nov. 4 were Miss Edna Markley in operatic vocalism, Miss Lydia Yeamans in songs-and-dances, Billy Noonan and Alice Bateman in statue-clogs, Franklin and Marcella on the horizontal-bar, and Dolly Hamilton as leader of Dutch specialties. Business continues good at this establishment. Favor and Shields, Keating and Flynn, Ben Dodge and the Fontainebleaus commence engagements 11.

AT THE ARCADE GARDEN THEATRE, Philadelphia, the new arrivals Nov. 4 included Emily Sylvester, Mulligan and Morris, Howard and Sandford and Miss Lilly Howards.

THE INTERNATIONAL COMIQUE, on Sansom street, above Eighth, Philadelphia, will be reopened Nov. 18, under the management as heretofore, of Thos. F. Hughes, and with McColgan & Hughes as proprietors. It has been a very successful institution in the past, and promises to be equally as much utilized during the coming season.

THE BUILDING at Eleventh and Wood streets, Philadelphia, will shortly be reopened as a variety theatre, after remaining closed for nearly two years.

FOSTER AND HUGHES in songs-and-dances and John Gannon in Irish specialities were the new faces at Encoba's, Philadelphia, on Nov. 4. The balcony here has been transformed into a promenade and private boxes, and the change so far has proved successful in attracting a better attendance.

AT THE NEW NATIONAL THEATRE, Philadelphia, the Landis Brothers, Fagan and Fenton, and Little Idalene are the new people this week.

AT THE OLYMPIC THEATRE, by Hardy, Brown, E. D., the following people open Nov. 11: Watson and Ellis, Georgina Smithson, Frank Bell, the Russell Brothers, the Novello Quartet—Victor Rigby, Louis De Mar, Carl Heyer, Wm. Cabbott—Frank Losee and Josephine Shanley. James E. Carton will appear in sketches, and fifteen male performers, under the stage management of Minnie Palmer, will be covered sufficiently to be on duty. On Friday evening, Nov. 15, a benefit will be given for the Eastern District Hospital, when a number of volunteers will assist, and the Avondon Association (amateurs) will appear in the comedietta of "The Debut."

W. F. advertises for a partner, with small capital, in a variety saloon.

DOCTOR LEE, Chinese sleight-of-hand performer and magician, advertises for engagements.

THE CHURCH-STREET OPERA-HOUSE, New Haven, Ct., reopened Nov. 4, under the management of Hurley, Marr & Martinetti. The house has been repainted and redecorated. The opening company included Thomas & Watson's Pantomime Minstrels, eighteen in number, who filled out all the features of the bill. Business is reported good. The announcement for Nov. 11 are Guy Linton and Lucy Adams, Frank Mara and wife, Harry Shay, Virginia Marshall, Williams and Sully, Nellie Germon, Josie Shay, Victor Julian, Hurley and Marr and the Martinetti Brothers.

LADY SPECIALTY ARTISTS are wanted by Charles Howard and G. W. Water, Southern agents, whose address find in another column.

MALONE AND CARROLL, musical specialists, are performing this week at the Olympic Theatre, Brooklyn, N. Y.

WILL Z. RIPLEY, the trapeze performer, informs us that Nellie Potter, who during the past week was a prominent feature as complainant in one of the police-courts in this city, only performed with him during one brief engagement in Philadelphia, in April, 1877. At that time she was professionally known as Lazetta Ripley. Since then Mr. Ripley's partner has been Mlle. Claudia.

THE ONLY new appearances at the Lyceum Theatre, Toronto, Ont., Nov. 4 were J. A. Toole and E. B. Harvey. The week's business, by the name of the managers of this house in our past issue. It should have been Bayley & Lander. Opening 11: Louis and Emma Alfredo, Jessie Forrester, McVicker and Saunders, Sage Richardson and Barrie Durrell.

THE GRAND CENTRAL, Philadelphia, presented the following bill week ending Nov. 4: Conway and Farrell, Myles Morris, and the Fontainbleaus in their vocal specialties.

HARRY WILLIAMS' Academy of Music, Pittsburg, Pa., continues to be liberally patronized. The new people Nov. 4 were Delehanty and Hengler, Miss May Hamilton, Morello Brothers, Lawson and Crocker, Fanny Melville, Nellie McDonald, Webster and Neary, Frank Lewis, and Lucy Clifton. Closing 9: Delehanty and Hengler, to Brooklyn, N. Y.; John F. Sheridan and Alecia Jourdan, to New York; Morello Brothers and Nellie McDonald. Commencing 11: Murphy and Morton, Curry and Hall, the D'Alve Sisters, "Punch" Walton, Minnie Lee and Miss Bessie Darling. The Troll Garden has closed.....At Concert Garden the company includes Roy Leslie, the Murdochs, Fanny Douglass and Ida Fisher. Frank Murdoch is director.....Mr. Reeves, the last proprietor of Trimble's Varieties Theatre, returned from Ohio several days ago, and settled the hotel bills of the company and fumigated those who desired to leave with the necessary railroad-fare.....Trimble's Varieties Theatre reopens on 16th, with M. C. Trimble as sole proprietor and John R. Lane as stage-manager.

A LARGE BUSINESS was done at Shelby's Adelphi Theatre, Buffalo, N. Y., during the past week. Alf. McDowell's version of "A Kiss in the Dark" opened the bill, and was followed by Nick Rogers in an essence and imitations; Lizzie Mulvey, who added to her reputation by her neat rendition of "Marriage Bells;" Ned Barry, vocalist; Nick and May Hughes, satisfactory in a plantation sketch; Lillie Hall's serio-comic songs, which met with favor; Wood and Beasley, who demonstrated the mastery over a multiplicity of different musical instruments; Sam Devere, with his banjo solos and witticisms, who sustained the reputation that preceded him; McVicker and Saunders in Irish songs-and-dances; and Hattie and Bennie Grinnell in the sketch "Jack's Farewell to Polly" were favorably received. The performance concluded with the Colorad Hand Bells. Departures 9: Alf McDowell and Lizzie Mulvey, to Philadelphia; Ned Barry, Chicago; Nick and May Hughes, Cleveland; Lillie Hall, New York; Wood and Beasley, Montreal; Sam Devere, Cincinnati; McVicker and Saunders, Toronto; the Grinnells, Detroit. To open Nov. 11; May Fisk's Blondes, the company including May Fisk, Charles and Annie Whiting, Harry and Kitty Bobby and Alice Dailey, Forrest Sisters, Laura Bennett, Wellington Sisters, Jennie Robinson and Robert Mack. Charles Benton, manager, and Ed H. Madigan, agent.

BUSINESS at the Theatre Royal, Montreal, was good the past week. Arrivals Nov. 11: Wood and Beasley, the Wesh Belmonts, and Frank Murray and Jackson. Departures 9: Ward and Bryant, to Ottawa, and the Hogan Bros., to New York. Ira Paine opens 11 for one week, and during his engagement will shoot a match with Mr. A. Bonneville of this city.

AT THE OLYMPIC, Sandusky, O., billed for Nov. 11 are Allie Love, Fannie Bernard, Nellie Clark, Mons. Reno and Mason and Wesley.....Miss Grace Thompson, Washington, D. C., did its usually large business the past week. The new appearances Nov. 4 were Frank Livingston in feats of equilibrism, Milligan, Quinlan and Ada Adair in triple clog-dances, Gibbons and Russell in Irish sketches, Lewis and Pauline Parker in a sketch entitled "South," Milligan and Quinlan in songs-and-dances, and Edward Kendall in character changes and songs. The departures 9 were the Moore Sisters, to Cincinnati; Frank Livingston, Milligan, Quinlan and Ada Adair, to New York; Gibbons and Russell, to Baltimore; the Livingston Brothers and John Muriz, to Philadelphia; and Edward Kendall, not known. Coming 11: Louise Muric, Moore and Lovenger, John and Amy Tudor, Cummings and Hines, Alfred Liston, and Emma Bretto.

SPECIALTY ARTISTS are wanted at the Olympic Theatre, Sandusky, O., and managers of female-minstrel companies are requested to address Gus Peters, lessee.

NEW SKETCHES, songs, etc., are advertised by Ned Straight as obtainable at his address.

D. J. WARREN and Lottie Wilson are appearing in their interesting border drama "The Pioneer of Kentucky" with considerable success, according to the press notices and managers' recommendations published in another column. They announce their time as being rapidly filled.

AT LAW.—Several of the performers who recently played in Trimble's Variety Theatre, Pittsburg, Pa., under the management of Fred Ames and Wm. Obey, have sued those gentlemen in local courts to recover various sums alleged to be due for services rendered.

AT THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Bradford, Pa., the new people are Josie Johnson, Sig. Carlo and Dollie Wood.

THE METROPOLITAN AGENCY advertises for variety performers in various branches.

CINCINNATI LODGE, No. 5, B. P. O. E., gave a social to invited friends Nov. 10. Sanford and Wilson and a number of amateurs furnished the entertainment.

THE HARPERS.—Nick and May—Ethiopian character-sketch artists, who have just concluded a successful engagement at Shelby's, Buffalo, N. Y., can be addressed care of this office. They have a few open dates.

TRIMBLE'S VARIETIES, Pittsburg, Pa., will be opened for the season Nov. 16. M. C. Trimble is the proprietor, and John R. Lane stage-manager. Artists are wanted.

SENSATIONAL STARS and specialty artists are wanted for the Folly Theatre, Chicago. Address J. Chas. Davis, manager, who is also prepared to fill time for the Victoria Loftus Troupe of Blondes.

PERFORMERS engaged for E. S. Washburn's Last Sen Bition are requested to report in Troy, N. Y., Nov. 26. W. J. Chappelle, business-manager, advertises for two sketch artists, ladies with specialties and two gymnasts. He would also like to hear from the Love Sisters and Wingfield and Gregory.

VARIETY NEWS from Boston, Mass., up to Nov. 10, is sent as follows by our correspondent: "The bill at the Howard Athenæum last week included the appearances of Fannie Beane and Charles Gilday in a sketch, 'The Servant's Holiday;' Christine Percy, who sang 'Good-bye, Sweetheart,' and 'Within a Mile of Edinboro' Town;' Williams and Sully in their specialty 'Good-bye, Ann Eliza,' and in answer to one of the encores gave an illustration of the strength of their teeth by swinging and balancing a heavy wooden chair; William A. Huntley in banjo solos, a song and 'Yankee Doodle,' with variations; Levantine and Earle, gymnasts, as exponents of Grecian sports; Campbell and Burke in character changes and songs of 'Our Workingmen' and 'The Convicts;' Thomas and William Daly as the high-kickers; Williams and Sullivan as 'The Lackawanna Spooners,' with songs and imitations of well-known performers; Vivian in songs and an imitation of an oratorio performance; and 'Yankee' Locke's war-drama 'The Guerilla Chief.' Business fair. 18, Rogardus and Palmer appear in a shooting-match.....At the Boylston Museum the Female Minstrels are again to the front, with Jen Powers and Al. Decker as tambo, Harry Linson as interlocutor, and John H. Carle and Burt Watson as bones; P. C. Foy, Myrtle Inglee, Emma Marden and Spray Arlington, vocalists. The second part introduced Sadie Dunbar in her song-and-dance, Forrest and Francis in a gymnastic act, F. C. Foy in Irish songs, Jen Powers and Burt Watson in 'He Would Be an Actor;' Sam Martin, the one-legged song-and-dance artist; Dick Turner and Sadie Dunbar in songs-and-dances, John H. Carle in banjo-solos and witticisms, and J. A. Pare's new farcical drama entitled 'Karen's Kamera.' Announced for 11 are John M. Turner, Alice Gleason, Rose and Harry Franklin, Little Nell, Harry Montague, Carrie and Sophie Duncan, Perry and Magrew and Joe Buckley.....The entertainment at the Palais Royal was given by the same artists enumerated in a previous letter. A change will be made 18.....Andy J. Leavitt is said to be negotiating for a re-lease of the Alhambra, in Hanover street."

BARRY & KERNELL'S COMBINATION, Martin W. Hanley manager, are to appear in Albany, N. Y., Nov. 11.

VARIETY BUSINESS in Chicago, Ill., up to Nov. 9, is thus reviewed by our correspondent:

The attendance has been good. At Hamlin's the Victoria Loftus Troupe of British Blondes drew a packed house 4, and business has continued good since. Harry Le Clair, the little impersonator, displayed versatility; James Marlow in his banjoisms pleased; the Howland Sisters proved as popular as ever in songs-and-dances; Cummings and Harrington amused in their negro sketch of 'The Lovers' Family;' the Evans Sisters displayed skill in club-swinging; Lottie Elliott exhibited wonderful powers of endurance in skipping rope 4,000 times, receiving several encores and a final one at the curtain. The burlesque of 'Fra Fia' concluded the entertainments. This troupe go over the river to the Folly 11, Wagner & Cotton's Minstrels opening here.....The olio that was presented at the Academy of Music, with excellent attendance prevailed. The La Verde Sisters—Lillie and Minnie—were good in their sketch "Love at First Sight;" Miss Carlotta Banks gave songs and recitations; Frank Perham, a man without a name, gave songs and dances; the Stuart Sisters—Mattie and Alice—pleased in character change songs and dances; Belle La Verde sang serio-comic songs in a dashing style; the Fieldings—John and Maggie—presented their musical sketch "Folly and Fancy" which pleased; Hugh Fay and Chas. A. Gardner gave some new duets; Harry Woodson possesses a good voice, gave old-time ballads; the French Twin Sisters proved as attractive as ever in songs-and-dances; the Sharpleys—Fred and Charley—renewed their triumphs in musical specialties; the Senyahs—Samuel and Sol—are in the happy mean between comedy with Fay, Gardner and the company in 'The German Candidate.' Closing 10: La Verde Sisters, Carlotta Banks, Stuart Sisters, the Fieldings, the Senyahs, Hugh Fay and Chas. A. Gardner, over the river to the Metropolitan. The Perham and the Sharpleys, destination unknown. Arriving 11: Nell and Eldridge, John Till, Scanlon and Cronin, Mlle. Rhea, McNeale and Heath, Dore Sisters, Harry Rice, Wood and Cincinnatus.....The Metropolitan, late New Chicago, begins its Fall and Winter season Nov. 11. In addition to those mentioned above as coming from the Academy, the open pen is announced for Sam Scanlon, Nelson Welby and Pearl, Belle Costello, Harry and Fannie Wood and Ned Barry. The officers of the house are Wm. Emmett, house and manager; Reynolds, Fay and Gardner, proprietors; Fred Miller, stage-manager; Jack Wood, stage - manager; Mark Keintz, leader of orchestra; Frank Skiff, scenic artist.....The Folly begins its Fall and Winter season Nov. 11, under the management of J. Charles Davis & Co., with W. H. Smith as business-manager, J. S. Smith as treasurer, Prof. F. Bean as orchestra leader, George Atkin, stage-manager; Walter Lanyridge, scenic artist; Frank Morton, master mechanic; A. W. French, property-man; and J. W. Spaulding and James Brown, door-keepers. The opening attraction consists of the Victoria Loftus Troupe, who present Cora Bertin's Parisian Models and Mlle. Alvera's Statue Artists.....Maud Harrison, who has been ill for some time past, has recovered sufficiently to open in St. Louis Nov. 18.....Manager McCaskells of the Chicago Varieties is reported anxious to secure a theatre here. Parties are urged here to report. Deadwood dead for show business. Everyone is seeking Leadville, the new mining town.....Fred Warden, late business-manager of the Theatre Comique, Kansas City, has severed his connection with that establishment. Joe Marston, manager of Warner & Cotton's Minstrels, was here 6. George MacDonald, the agent, is completing the arrangements for their stay in Illinois. A special matinee benefit for the House of the Good Shepherd will be given at the Academy 14.

NEGRO MINSTRELSY.

FIVE MINSTREL PERFORMERS are wanted for a combination about starting out. See card. McIntyre and Heath, Joe Tinkham, Andy Spear and Billy Weames are requested to communicate with the same address.

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.—In *The San Antonio* (TEXAS) *Daily Herald* of Oct. 24 we find the following: "A newspaper reporter who represents one of the morning daily papers had himself placed in a very embarrassing position one night not long ago. The advance-agent of Barlow, Wilson, Primrose & West's Minstrels had called to see him while going his rounds, and on his return, the foreman informed him of the fact, and that Doc J. H. Laine, the business-manager of the minstrels, would shortly return. While the reporter was sharpening his pencil and visions of free dickets and brilliant performances were flitting through his brain like grasshoppers over the head of *The Express* man when he met the manager, a tall, solemn-visaged individual, with regulation minstrel tile and tie, stalked into the sanctum, and made a profound bow (the counterpart of that exhibited by Wilson the end-man), and requested to be enlightened as to whether he was addressing the 'City-editor of *The San Antonio Daily Load*?' Which was answered with the equivocal response: 'Are you the minstrel manager?' The tall, solemn-clad individual responded that 'he had the misfortune not to occupy such an exalted position, and was only the pastor of the Christian Church.' The reporter was on the point of saying—don't mention it to anybody—'Come, let's take a drink;' but, fortunately for that that would not be exactly the way to smooth the ragged edge of the mistaken-identity question, he said: 'Sit right down to the desk, reverend sir, and write up your sermon for next Sunday, and I'll give your show—I mean your church—a big send-off.'"

HEALY'S MINSTRELS opened for three nights and matinee at the Royal Opera-house, Toronto, Ont., Nov. 7, to an audience that crowded the house in every part, many being turned away for want of room. The company presents a thoroughly enjoyable programme. They show through Pennsylvania for one week, and then appear at Rochester, N. Y., Nov. 18, Utica 19, Syracuse 20, Troy 21, Albany 22.

BAIRD'S NEW ORLEANS MINSTRELS are to show in Great Falls, N. H., Nov. 14, South Berwick, Me., 15, Portsmouth, N. H., 16, Ipswich, Mass., 17. Business is reported as good. Master Willie Hill, cornet-soloist, joined the party at Biddeford, Me., Oct. 30.

HARRY KENNEDY'S ventriloquial act and a burlesque sketch entitled "The Bank Robbery" were the fresh features presented by Carncross' Minstrels, Philadelphia, last week. Carl Rudolph, tenor, will be added to this troupe 11, when the burlesque on "Helen's Babies" will be revived.

SWATNAM'S MINSTRELS, Philadelphia, presented the burlesque of "My Son, the Lawyer," as the novel feature Nov. 4, Johnson and Bruno then making their reappearance in a new act entitled "Darkies on the Nile." D. A. Vernon, tenor, commences with this troupe 11.

DUPREZ & BENEDICT'S MINSTRELS played in Troy, N. Y., Nov. 6, Albany 7.

THE AGENT of Sprague's Georgia Minstrels left for Havana, Cuba, Nov. 9. The troupe is to leave 16, to play in that city, under the management of the Orrin Brothers, in the Lersundi Theatre.

SPRAGUE'S GEORGIA MINSTRELS, who played in Rochester, N. Y., Nov. 4, 5, are billed in Troy 12, Albany 13.

HAVERLY'S UNITED MASTODON MINSTRELS performed in the Academy of Music, Buffalo, N. Y., Nov. 4, 5, 6, including matinee, to large business.

HARRY HART'S COLORED MINSTRELS gave an original and entertaining performance in Fort Wayne, Ind., Nov. 6. Our correspondent says: "The instrumental music was excellent, and the songs, banjo-playing, sketches and songs and dances were fine." Route: Ligonier 8, Goshen 10, Elkhart 11, Laporte 12, South Bend 13, Michigan City 14, Joliet, Ill., 15, Morris 16, Mt. Sterling 18, Manitoba 19, Burlington, Ia., 20, Muscatine 21, Davenport 22, Rock Island, Ill., 23.

COLORED MUSICIANS are wanted with Callender's Georgia Minstrels, now under the proprietorship of J. H. Haverly. See Geo. A. Skilling's card.

EMERSON'S MINSTRELS, the first that have visited Nashville, Tenn., this season, amused large audiences in the Grand Opera-house Nov. 8, 9, including matinee.

MME. RENTZ'S MINSTRELS played in the Richmond (Va.) Theatre Nov. 4, 5, to crowded houses. They played in Wilmington, N. C., 6, Charleston 7, 8, 9, and are billed in Savannah, Ga., 11, 12, 13, Augusta 14, 15, Macon 16, Atlanta 18, 19, Columbus 20, Selma, Ala., 21, Montgomery 22, 23. Business is reported excellent. Manager Leavitt informs us that he has concluded arrangements to visit California again during the coming Winter, with prospects of going from there to Australia.

EMERSON'S MINSTRELS played in the Louisville (Ky.) Opera-house Nov. 4, 5, 6, to large business. Route: Bowling Green 7, Nashville, Tenn., 8, 9, and are billed in Memphis 11, 12, 13.

CIRCUSES.

THE EQUESTRIENNE, now performing in the Orrin Brothers' Circus, Havana, Cuba, leaves shortly for MATANZAS. The regular circus season will commence about Nov. 29. The company is to leave New York in the new steamer Saratoga 20. Among those engaged are Charles W. Fish, Wm. Dutton, Harry Long, Pico, the Lee Family (six in number), Wm. Batcheior, Jennie Turnour, Rosaline Stickney, the three Herbert Brothers, A. Lehman, Wm. Coswell and others. More talent is wanted. See their card. This will make the third company they have sent out this season.

JAS. HOLLOWAY, the well-known clown, thanks managers for offers of engagements in a card in this issue, and states that he is re-engaged with P. T. Barnum's show for next season. He announces several new acts in preparation.

FRANK HYATT, agent of Forepaugh's Circus, was in San Antonio, Texas, last week, trying to induce the State authorities to reduce the license, which is $200 for each performance, and a city and a county license have to be paid in addition.

GEO. D. MELVILLE, equestrian performer, whose specialties are enumerated in another column, is prepared to negotiate for engagements for the season of 1879.

THE NEXT COMPANY for the Orrin Brothers' Metropolitan Circus in Havana, Cuba, will leave New York Nov. 20. Talent is wanted. See card.

LITTLE HOLLAND, the American clown, has been meeting with considerable success in Scotland, the local press giving him praise for his comical powers and clever acrobatic movements.

THE PARTNERSHIP heretofore existing between Parker, Davis and Dockrill, proprietors of the Great London Show, was dissolved by mutual consent in Philadelphia Nov. 4, Davis having conveyed his interest to his former partners. The London Show left Philadelphia 9 on a Southern tour.

W. C. COUP'S EQUESCURRICULUM came in for a liberal share of patronage at Philadelphia during the week ending Nov. 9, when was introduced a giraffe driven in harness. Profs. Garowe and Sawyer closed here on last-mentioned date, and Robert Aubrey commences 11. Geo. W. Smith, the veteran ballet master, is supervising the rehearsals of a juvenile spectacle here.

THE GREAT PACIFIC CIRCUS recently closed a successful season of twenty-six weeks, and have gone into Winter Quarters at Orwell, O. James Demott has purchased a third interest in this show. The proprietors are having some new wagons built for next season, among the number being a very heavy and fine band-chariot and a ticket-wagon.

P. T. BARNUM ELECTED.—The numerous friends of this genial showman will be gratified to learn that on Nov. 5 he was elected State Representative from Bridgeport, Ct., by a plurality of about 216.

HOWES' LONDON CIRCUS is billed in Richmond, Va., Nov. 11, Petersburg 12, Weldon, N. C., 13, Raleigh 14, Rocky Mt. 15, Wilson 16, Goldsboro 18, Wilmington 19.

WARD AND CANFIELD'S CIRCUS exhibited in Fort Worth, Texas, Nov. 3. A correspondent writes: "They did not do so well as they expected, there being only some fifteen hundred persons at the afternoon show, and eight hundred at night."

MISCELLANEOUS.

BARTLETT'S "Mother Goose" entertainment is announced at the Grand Opera-house, Indianapolis, Ind., Nov. 22, 23.....Susan B. Anthony lectures Dec 10, and the Hawkeye Man delivers his new lecture, "Pilgrimage of the Funny Man," 26.

TURBITT & CO. advertise for curious horses, dogs, cattle, etc.; also, tents and paintings.

CURIOSITIES are wanted by D. McCluer for a room-show. See card.

BARTLETT the prestidigitateur fulfilled an engagement at the Brooklyn Music Hall last week. The attendance was only moderate.

JAMES E. MURDOCH has been chosen to fill the position of Shakespearian lecturer at the National School of Elocution, Philadelphia, and delivered a series of four lectures before the school on Nov. 4, 6, 7 and 8.....The International Exhibition still attracts a fair attendance, although the season is drawing to a close. The last hop will be given 13.....Prof. Edwin J. Houston's subject was "Color" in the opening lecture of a course before the Franklin Institute 7.....The Rink was well attended by the lovers of roller-skating last week.....The Zoological Society receives liberal patronage, as also did the Academy of Fine Arts.....Mac Evoy's Hibernicon, with Barry Carter as Barney the Guide, will be exhibited at Oxford Hall on 11 and 12.

PROFESSIONAL GUESTS are specially catered for at the Ridgewood House, Brooklyn, N. Y. Terms, etc., are published in the card elsewhere.

W. F. H. Koch offers calcium-light apparatus for sale. See card.

STANLEY DUST, well known here as the former manager for Robert Heller the magician, and Harry Bonfanti, have opened a dramatic agency in London, Eng., and, in connection with Brown & Barnes of this city, can transact all necessary business for parties seeking engagements in England or the Continent. Harry Bonfanti can be seen in this city at present at Brown & Barnes' address. See card.

THE LYCEUM THEATRE, Toronto, Ont.—Bayley & Lander, proprietors; John A. Toole, stage-manager; and James Whinn, leader of orchestra—has open dates for dramatic stars, combinations, etc. The house is advertised as a favorite resort for the public of that town.

GEORGE W. ROGERS, Punch-and-Judy performer, and the eight-footed horse, who were exhibiting in Norfolk, Va., last week, open in Elizabeth City Nov. 11.

HALL'S OPERA-HOUSE, Wabash, Ind., is available for all kinds of entertainments, being furnished with scenery and necessary appurtenances, and is especially offered by the proprietor for the holiday season to a dramatic company on percentage. See card.

THE OPERA-HOUSE, Franklin, Ind., is advertised as open for rental. It has a stage, scenery, etc., and a seating capacity of 600.

RUSSELL'S HALL, Wichita, Kansas, which has just been completed, is recommended by Selden Irwin. It will seat three hundred, and has a stage, scenery, etc. Parties desiring to rent it are referred to advertisement.

ROBERT HELLER, assisted by Miss Heller, occupied the National Theatre, Washington, D. C., the past week, attracting fair audiences. They remain another week.

PROF. CROMWELL'S series of art entertainments in Chicago, Ill., the past three weeks have received an excellent attendance.

UPTNER'S MIDGETS—General Mite and Lucia Zarate—open in Masonic Temple, Baltimore, Md., Nov. 11.

LIVING CURIOSITIES, freaks or sensational specialties, are wanted by Tillotson & Jacobs, who advertise. They would like to hear from Idaletta and Wallace.

THE NEW HALL, Winchester, Ky., can be rented through James W. Poynter, who advertises. It will seat six hundred.

J. H. DUMMER offers CLIPPERS for Dec. 25, 1875, to date for sale, in his card in this issue.

AN OUTFIT OF SPIRITUAL ILLUSIONS can be obtained from Prof. Anderson, who advertises.

SECOND-SIGHT, mind reading, etc., are taught by Prof. Anderson. See advertisement.

COL. ROBERT INGERSOLL is to lecture, under the management of James Redpath, in Albany, N. Y., Nov. 28, Troy 29, Utica 30, Syracuse 31, Rochester Nov. 1, Buffalo 2, 3, Erie, Pa., 4, Cleveland, O., 5, Detroit, Mich., 6, Grand Rapids 7, Lansing 8, Ann Arbor 9, Detroit (return) 10.

MRS. F. A. TANNEHILL joins the company supporting Modjeska in Albany, N. Y., Nov. 18.

C. H. HIGNELL, who exhibited a panorama to purchase a first-class second-hand stereopticon.

THE WRENS gave their entertainment "Around the World" in Cortland, N. Y., Nov. 7, Ithaca 9.

WIGGINS & BLITZ'S MUSEUM is to be exhibited in Thomasville, Ga., Nov. 11, Bainbridge 18, Savannah 25, one week each.

CHAS. B. GRISTY, advance-agent, is open for engagements. See card.

THE ELKS.—In San Francisco, Cal., Nov. 3, the B. P. O. of Elks elected the following officers: William Walsh, R. R.; John Radigan, E. L. K.; B. McFarland, E. L. K.; E. Lipsis, G. L.; Robert Scott, secretary; T. H. Leman, tyler; J. Whalen, S. Newman and J. Sherman, trustees.

SWIFT'S OPERA-HOUSE, situated between the villages of Fishkill Landing and Matteawan, is open for rental. The house has a seating capacity of 1,000, is furnished with scenery and supplied with gas. See card.

SHUT DOWN IN THE STRET.—On Nov. 2 "Preachy" Coleman, a "fakir" traveling with Wiggins & Blitz's Museum, was fatally shot in Macon, Ga., by Abner F. Gibson, who at the time was under the influence of liquor. From the local journals of that city we glean the following:

Some citizens were standing on Cherry street when Gibson came around a corner with a pistol in his hand. Knowing him to be a dangerous character when intoxicated, they stepped into the entrance of Ralston Hall. Gibson came up, and, placing his pistol in the doorway, said: "Who is the best man in the house?" Some one replied: "We are the best friends you have in town." Gibson then placed his pistol against the gentleman's breast for two or three times, but fortunately did not discharge it. D. W. (Preachy) Coleman then came to the door, and Gibson asked: "Who are you?" to which Coleman replied: "A friend." Gibson then said: "I am going to shoot you." Coleman inquired: "What have I done to shoot me for?" to which Gibson replied: "I hate to do it, but I must." Coleman asked him to put his pistol up, and said: "Let's all go in and take a drink," and, putting his hand in his pocket, remarked: "I don't have enough to pay for the drinks. Gibson said: "

RATES.

SUBSCRIPTION.—Per annum, in advance, $4; six months, $2; three months, $1, including postage to any part of the United States. Foreign postage extra. Single copies 10 cents each. No deduction to clubs or agents.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—Agate type measure, 14 lines to an inch.—Department notices, culled from and credited to other journals, 50 cents per line, the same notices to be inserted once only. Advertisements under the head of AMUSEMENTS, 75 cents per line: Miscellaneous and Sporting Advertisements, 30 cents per line—for each and every insertion. A deduction of 20 per cent. from these rates will be made for advertisements when paid for three months in advance by the advertiser. Advertising agents are not allowed this or any other deduction further than their regular commission. Cuts and displayed type in advertisements charged at the same rates for space occupied.

OUR TERMS ARE CASH.—Advertisements to be paid for at the time of insertion.

THE CLIPPER is issued every Tuesday morning. The first, fourth, fifth and eighth pages GO TO PRESS ON SATURDAY, and the second, third, sixth and seventh pages on Monday evening. Advertisements intended for the outside pages should reach us not later than noon on Saturday, and all favors should reach us early on Monday to insure their insertion in that week's issue.

ADVERTISEMENTS SENT BY TELEGRAPH must reach here not later than 5 P. M. on Monday.

TO AVOID LOSS, when remitting money by mail, we would advise our patrons to register their letters or procure Post-office orders. Make all orders payable to and address all communications

FRANK QUEEN,
Editor and Proprietor,
P. O. Box 3,860, or CLIPPER BUILDING,
88 and 90 Centre street, New York.

THE CLIPPER is for sale in LONDON, ENGLAND, at the American Exchange, 449 Strand, Charing Cross, W. C.

THE NEW YORK CLIPPER ALMANAC For 1879

will be published early in January. The popular features of the preceding editions of THE ALMANAC, such as the RECORD OF FASTEST TIME, THEATRICAL AND SPORTING CHRONOLOGIES, Etc., will be retained in this, and, in response to numerous requests, we shall republish the THEATRICAL AND SPORTING CHRONOLOGIES which appeared in the editions of 1874 and 1875, carefully revised and amplified. It will also contain interesting sketches, poems, etc., with choice illustrations, and a variety of other new matter, which, we confidently expect, will make it more popular with our readers than any Almanac we have yet published, and insure it a very large circulation.

ANOTHER MARKED IMPROVEMENT WILL BE A NEW LITHOGRAPHED COVER OF ARTISTIC DESIGN, AND PRINTED IN COLORS.

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Below is a specimen of a ten-line card, so that our readers can judge of the space and style:

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COME WHERE THE LILIES BLOOM, beautiful quartet, by Will. L. Thompson.....60c.
SAY YOUR PRAYERS AND GO TO SLEEP, song and chorus, by John T. Rutledge.....40c.
I'M GOING BACK TO ALABAM' TO DIE, character song and chorus, by John T. Rutledge.....40c.
REMEMBER THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME, song and chorus, by John T. Rutledge.....40c.
The above beautiful songs are now "all the go." We will agree to mail any of them to professionals on receipt of 10 cents per copy, or the whole for ($4.55 worth) for $1. We pay postage. W. L. THOMPSON & CO.,
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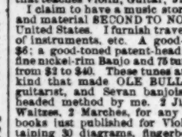

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